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Pro-Slavery.

PROTESTANT INDULGENCE FOR SIN!

[The following jesuitical exposition of what the Cotton Hunker Divines of this country call the Bible Doctrine in relation to Slavery having been thought worthy of being issued in the form of a tract by those whom Henry Ward Beecher calls "pious, orthodox infidels," we have concluded, notwithstanding its great length, to give it a place in THE STANDARD. It shows that the minions of the Pope are not the only ecclesiastics who, in the name of God and religion, grant Indulgences for Sin. For remarks suggested by this extraordinary production see inside.—EDS. STANDARD.]

From the New York Observer of October 4th.

THE BIBLE AND SLAVERY.

ONE of the great purposes of Christ's mission to the world was "to proclaim liberty to the captives"; and yet, during the long period in which He and his apostles preached in countries afflicted with Despotism and Slavery in their worst forms, they never once denounced these institutions, and never required men possessed of absolute power over their fellow-men to give it up because it is a sin to hold it, but actually confirmed their authority by declaring "The powers that be are ordained of God."

Why was this? Was it because these reformers were the friends of Despotism and Slavery, and blind to the great evils, to which every system is liable, which entirely subjects one man to the will of another? No; but because they saw clearly that those evils, consisting not in the mere possession of power, but in *the abuse of power*, could be best remedied, in the first instance, by simply requiring the absolute monarch and his subject, the master and his slave, to discharge faithfully their duties to each other *under the system*. They had the sagacity to perceive that the faithful discharge of those duties would not only prevent the great evils arising from the abuse of power while the system lasted, but would lead to the peaceful abolition of the system itself at the earliest desirable moment; and that thus, without denouncing the system, or uttering a single irritating word to the absolute monarch or slaveholder, but with the manifestation of the highest respect for both, they would be able, in the end, to proclaim universal liberty, with the hearty good will of all the parties concerned, the slave, the slaveholder, and the whole community.

Christ came into the world to reform the world; "to make all things new"; to cure all the great evils, moral, political, and social, which afflict mankind; and his prescription was so simple that, notwithstanding the evidence, from fact and from reason, that this has been, and must be, an infallible and the only infallible remedy, proud men, in all ages, like Naaman the Syrian, have been prone to treat it with contempt, preferring the more specious but vain devices of their own wisdom. Christ's direction was, "Go, preach the Gospel to every creature." Go, not to denounce God's wrath against whole communities of men, and vast systems of iniquity, but go to the individual man, go to every creature capable of love to God and man, and incite that love by the highest possible incentive, the assurance that God is a Father, and loves even his prodigal child with an ineffable and everlasting love.

Let the modern Reformer follow Christ's direction. If Despotism or Slavery are deeply rooted in any country, instead of wasting his time and strength in wrathful assaults on the system, and those who hold power under it, the only effect of which is to irritate those who can, if they are provoked, throw insurmountable obstacles in his way, let the Reformer be content, in the first instance, with the liberty to preach the Gospel. If he can obtain this liberty in any measure, however small, let him use it with all diligence. Let him call on every man to whom he can obtain access to love God with all his heart, and mind, and soul, and strength, and to love his neighbour as himself; enforcing this call by that most amazing and affecting of all truths, that God so loved us, poor, miserable sinners, that he sent his Son to die for us, that we might not perish, but might inherit eternal life.

What will be the natural effect of such a policy? Love begets love. "We love Him because He first loved us." Great love begets great love. "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends; but God commendeth his love to us in that, while we were yet enemies, Christ died for us." Every man who listens to this gospel, who believes it, and indulges the feeling which a cordial belief naturally and necessarily inspires, will find then in himself an ardent love of God, a love which will be in him a perennial and overflowing fountain of joy, a well of living water, nourishing all the virtues, and graces, of which he is capable. The earnest desire of his soul will be to do what God would have him to do. His delight will be in the law of the Lord; and when he seeks to know what that law is, he will rejoice to find it all revealed in one word, Love. "Love is the fulfilling of the law." The first commandant is Love; and the second commandment is Love. He will pray then to God to fill his soul with love. He will love his enemies, bless them that curse him, pray for them that despitefully use him and persecute him; will suffer long and be kind; will not envy; will not be puffed up; will not seek his own; will not be easily provoked; will think no evil; will rejoice not in iniquity, but in the truth; will bear all things, believe all things, hope all things, endure all things. His love will not fail; he will be good in all the relations of life—a good husband, a good father, a good son, a good brother, a good ruler, a good subject, a good master, a good servant. He may be the slave of man, but he will be the Lord's freeman, and will be free, therefore, with a liberty beyond all comparison more joyous than any which human law can give. He may be the master of slaves, but he will be the servant of Christ, and will, therefore, love his slaves and rule them in obedience to Christ's command. And the Reformer who is instrumental in converting slaves into such freemen, and masters into such servants, is labouring far more efficiently in the cause of true liberty and equality, and is doing more to abolish the evils of slavery, than he could do by any direct and general assault on the system. For, when such freemen and such servants are sufficiently multiplied in any country, first the great evils of slavery, and then the system itself, will quietly disappear; or, if the slaves only are converted, and the revolution that brings liberty comes then by convulsion, it will not come till the way has been fully prepared for making liberty a blessing to the people.

Such is God's plan of abolishing Despotism and Slavery, as revealed in the Bible. How much wiser than that devised by the modern Abolitionist! Let us compare them in a few particulars.

1. *The plan of the Abolitionist excludes the Reformer from the country and the people to be reformed.*

The Abolitionist begins with the assertion that every man has a right to liberty, in such a sense that all absolute monarchs are usurpers, and all slaveholders wrongdoers, who attempt to enforce obedience from their subjects or slaves. The natural consequence is, that absolute monarchs and slaveholders pass laws excluding the Abolitionist from their country; and if he then attempts to propagate his doctrine by books or tracts, they pass other laws restricting the liberty of the press, and the teaching of the people or slaves to read.

The Bible Reformer, on the other hand, quiets at once the apprehensions of all in power with the declaration, "The powers that be are ordained of God." He recognises every government *de facto*, however absolute, as legitimate government, and treats the mere amount of power given by human law to one man, or one class of men, over other men, as a matter of secondary importance; not forgetting, however, to insist, with all authority, on the duty of every ruler, or master, to rule in the fear of God, and for the good of the governed and of the community. He is not anxious to denounce slavery as a sin, and all slaveholders as sinners, for the Bible says—"Sin is the transgression of the law"; and the only law he can find in the Bible is "Love." If he is satisfied, then, that the master loves his slave, he dares not insult him by applying to him opprobrious epithets, but rather, like Paul, delights to greet him as "a dearly beloved fellow-labourer in the Gospel"; and thanks God for his "love and faith," and all his Christian graces. Knowing that the great evil of slavery is the temptation that it presents to the master to abuse his power, he regards the truly Christian slaveholder, who triumphs over this temptation, as worthy of preeminent honour, and is ready to apply to him the language of the apostle James: "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life."

2. *The plan of the Abolition Reformer cherishes the worst passions, in the Reformer himself, in the slaveholder, in the slave, and in the whole community.*

The Abolition Reformer, as we have seen, is of course excluded from the country and the people to be reformed. This enrages him; and he indulges his anger in bitter denunciations of slavery and slaveholders. The only mode of action now left to him is to get up strong anti-slavery excitements in countries where there is no slavery. He labours to arouse an indignant public sentiment throughout the civilized world, and to direct it against the hated institution, and against all who do not join in his mode of opposing it. Wrath begets wrath. This new exhibition of wrath by the Abolitionist begets new wrath, and new exhibitions of wrath, in the slaveholder. The slave now learns that, all over Christendom, he has powerful sympathizing friends, who regard his master as a monster of iniquity, and he is thus incited to hate him, to disobey him, and it may be to rob him, or even to kill him, and to kill any who stand in the way of his escape to his distant friends. This leads to the enactment of stringent fugitive slave laws, and to other measures which aggravate the miseries of the bondage; and these again add fresh fuel to the whole circle of excitements to which we have alluded, and the action and reaction go on until the communities in which the Abolitionist and the slaveholder respectively reside become thoroughly hostile to each other.

Of all the sufferers in this great scene of angry strife, not the least to be pitied are good men in the country of the Abolitionist, who have studied the Bible, and imbibed its spirit, and who, therefore, see clearly and feel deeply that the wrath of man, engendered by his doctrine, worketh not the righteousness of God, and that the doctrine itself is not countenanced in his word. On the heads of these good men the Abolitionist pours out the vial of his fiercest wrath. He denounces them as the apologists and friends of slavery; as worse than slaveholders; as worse even than the makers of slave laws; as indeed "the strongest and most responsible supporters of the greatest iniquity in the world, the crowning abomination of the age," and he feels conscience-bound, therefore, to lift up his voice from afar, to warn the churches against their pernicious influence. Thus these good men find the abolition doctrine not only severing, one after another, every bond, religious, social, political and commercial, which binds them to their slaveholding brethren, but, in their own non-slaveholding community, exciting, in every Synod, Presbytery, Association, Missionary Board, Publication Board, and in almost every church connected with these various organizations, the same spirit of angry contention and rending strife, driving the heavenly dove, the messenger of peace and love, far, far away, and leaving them sad and comfortless in all their prospects at home and abroad.

Such are the fruits of the labours of the Abolitionist. How different from those presented in the field of the Bible Reformer! He is welcomed at once to the plantation, the house, the table and the heart of the good slaveholder, and to the cabin of his slave. He tells the master that his slave is his brother; that they have a common Master and a common Father in heaven, who is no respecter of persons, but tenderly loves all his children, and commands them all to love each other. He tells him that his slave is an immortal being, capable of loving God, capable of the intense love which springs from cordial faith in the Gospel; capable of all those noble virtues and exquisite delights which that intense love begets and nourishes in the soul. He tells him that this slave, this brother, endowed with these powers, may be fitted here, in this momentary life, to enjoy ineffable bliss with Christ in heaven, through endless ages; and that such a being should be treated with all the consideration due to his near relationship, his vast capacities and his lofty destiny.

He tells the slave that God, the creator of the heavens and the earth, the maker and upholder of all beings and all things, is his Father; that He knows every thought of his heart, and is constantly watching over him with a love more tender than that of any mother for her sucking babe. He tells him that, poor, despised, wicked and worthless as he may feel himself to be, God so loves him that He sent his Son from heaven to die for him, to save him from eternal woe, and to fit him for endless joys, which God has prepared in heaven for all who love Him with the love which springs from faith in the Gospel of his Son. He tells him that, in the providence of God, for wise and good purposes inscrutable to us, the condition of men in this world is very unequal; that one man is rich and another poor; one is blessed with health, and another is the victim of disease; one is born a prince, and another a slave; but that God has assigned to every station and condition appropriate duties; and expects every man, from love to Him, to discharge those duties faithfully. He tells him that the duty of a slave is to obey, and honour, and love his master; to be subject to him with all fear, not answering again; to serve him with all good fidelity, not purloining; not with eye-service, but with good-will doing service, as to the Lord and not to men. He tells him that he must do this not merely to the good and gentle master, but also to the froward; and if, while thus doing, he receives cruel treatment, to bear it patiently, counting it all joy, remembering that if, when a man does well and suffers for it he takes it patiently, he renders himself peculiarly acceptable to God.

Such are the doctrines which the Bible Reformer teaches; and if they are cordially embraced, the master loves the slave, and the slave loves the master, and both love their instructor, and all love God, and delight to meet together to pray to Him and to praise Him. And now, even if all the rest of the land of slavery is buried under Egyptian darkness, the light of the sun of righteouness shines brightly on that plantation. If all the rest of the land is a desolation, that plantation is an oasis, a little green spot, recovered from the desert, with its fountain of living water, ready to run on every side, to extend the religion of life and gladness. And if the light and love on that plantation are true Christian light and love, the work of reform thus begun will rapidly extend; for it is the nature of such light to spread, and such love is like leaven, which will work till it leavens the whole lump; it is like the grain of mustard-seed that will grow till it becomes a tree, and the fruit of that tree is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; and the Liberty which is heralded into any land by these virtues is a liberty which will bless its inhabitants and will endure.

3. *Modern Abolitionism has all the marks of the ancient Pharisaism; its ultraism, its ostentatious self-righteousness, with contempt and denunciation of others; its heartlessness and its hypocrisy.*

Ultraism is Satan's favourite device for destroying good and converting it into evil. Satan's *faith in God* seemed to be stronger than Christ's; for he urged Christ to throw himself down from the pinnacle of the temple, trusting in God to bear him up. Satan's *love for the poor* appeared to be greater than Christ's; for he prompted Judas to ask that the very ointment, intended for the honour of the Son of God should be sold to relieve their wants. He required a more *rigid observance of the Sabbath* than Christ, for he would not even suffer a man to be healed on that holy day. He was such a lover *strict and impartial justice* that, if he doubted which of two women was the mother of a child, he would cut a living baby in two, and give half to one and half to the other. And now, in our day, he so abhors slavery, and is such a stern, uncompromising champion of *the right of every man to liberty*, that he would not, on any consideration, buy, or hold, or sell, or hire a slave, however urgently the good of the slave might clearly call for it; and so confident is he that this principle is a self-evident truth, that he denounces all who do not see it in this light as wilfully blind, and calls on his disciples to reject the Bible, and the God of the Bible, if they find that the principle is not there recognised.

4. *The doctrine and policy of the Abolitionist induce slaveholders to resort to every means to extend and strengthen their power.*

The Abolitionist denies the obligation of the slave to serve or obey his master. He maintains his right to escape at any time from his service. He regards the law under which the master claims as no law; as opposed to the higher law of God, and, therefore, of no binding force on the conscience of man.

This doctrine strikes at the root of all authority and order in a slaveholding community. It endangers the safety of every fireside. The Quaker garb, and the peace principles on the lips of the Abolitionist, do not quiet the apprehensions of slaveholders who have read history, or who understand the human heart. They feel that, if this doctrine prevails, all which they hold dear in this world, life, liberty, property, the prospects of their children, the very existence of their race in the country of their birth, are in imminent danger; a danger which renders them utterly reckless as to the means to which they resort to avert it. If the Abolitionist will rouse the whole world against them, they feel that they must prepare to contend with the whole world, and to this end must seize power wherever they can find it, and strengthen themselves in every way to resist the general onslaught.

The history of the United States of America, for the last seventy years, affords a striking illustration of the truth of our position.

Seventy years ago, Virginia and Maryland, the leading slaveholding States of the American Union, were at the head of the great anti-slavery movement which had just then commenced, but which has since extended to all parts of the world. All the maritime States on the earth, with Great Britain at their head, were then unblushingly engaged in the African slave trade; and even the representatives of New England, at that time, manifested their willingness to have an article inserted in the Constitution of the United States expressly and forever forbidding Congress to abolish the nefarious traffic. It was then that the leading statesmen of Virginia, Maryland and Delaware, to their immortal honour, after eloquently depicting the evils of slavery, insisted that Congress should have no power to prevent its extension; and one of them (Governor Randolph, of Virginia) even went so far as to express his willingness to make the conferring of this power upon the Federal Government, a *sine qua non* of the Union of the States; for he said "he would sooner risk the Constitution" than allow an article to be inserted in it forbidding Congress to abolish the slave trade. We owe it to the firmness, the earnestness and eloquence of the statesmen of Maryland, Virginia and Delaware that the African slave trade is not at this moment a lawful trade in this country. And, if New England, instead of bartering her anti-slavery principles for a navigation act, had then united with Virginia, the slave trade would have ceased in 1800 instead of 1808, and the slave population of the United States would now be less than it is by more than 300,000—a number nearly equal to the aggregate slave population of the six States of Delaware, Maryland, Florida, Texas, Arkansas and Missouri!

But the anti-slavery action of Virginia, seventy years ago, was not confined to efforts for the abolition of the African slave trade. The proposal *to prevent the extension of slavery within the limits of the American Union*, by excluding it forever from the territory north-west of the river Ohio, which Virginia ceded to the Union, originated with Thomas Jefferson, her most prominent statesman; and it is, therefore, preëminently to the generosity and disinterestedness of our leading slaveholding States that we owe five out of our sixteen non-slaveholding States.

Nor were the high-minded anti-slavery men of the South satisfied with mere *legislative* anti-slavery action, immensely important as it promised to be, and as it has proved to be, in its preventive effects, both on the importation of slavery from abroad and its extension to free soil at home. They could not rest until they had tried the experiment of *immediate emancipation on their own slave soil*, by voluntarily liberating their slaves until the number of free blacks amounted to more than 200,000! And the further prosecution of this experiment was abandoned, not because the generous feeling which prompted it was exhausted (for, if the experiment had been successful, it would doubtless have been followed by the gratuitous liberation of additional hundreds of thousands), but because the experiment clearly proved that the condition of the negro was not improved by mere emancipation; and that the great law of Christian love, the only law which an enlightened Christian can acknowledge in the case, forbade further emancipation until something had been done to make liberty a blessing to the negroes.

Next, then, came plans for colonizing free blacks in Africa, proposals to restrict emancipation to such slaves as had been previously fitted by proper training, and by removal to free States, for the full enjoyment of liberty; and, finally, the earnest discussion, in Southern anti-slavery societies, and in the Legislatures of several of the large slaveholding States, of projects for gradual, but eventually universal, emancipation.

Such was the feeling, and such the action, of large slaveholders and slaveholding States of the American Union, when left entirely to themselves. And where, in the record of efforts to oppose great evils, shall we find anything more truly noble? Where in history do we read of an aristocracy, without compulsion and without compensation, voluntarily, gratuitously, surrendering to such an extent the property, power and privilege conferred upon them by the ancient law of their country? The error of the great slaveholders of Virginia and Maryland, at this time, was not that they were lacking in anti-slavery feeling, or in willingness to make sacrifices to this feeling; but the error was that they carried the feeling too far, and were indulging it not merely at their own expense, but at the expense of the real welfare of the negro and of the community.

One would suppose that Christian communities embracing highly educated men, so thoroughly understanding and so deeply deploring the evil of slavery, and who had, for so long a period, in such a variety of forms, and with such generous self-sacrifice, arrayed themselves against it, might have been safely trusted to deal with the matter in their own way, without interference from abroad; and especially without interference, in the form of Christian rebuke, from those who, for their own selfish and sordid purposes, obtruded the evil upon them, but had never manifested any compunction, or made any offer of reparation, for the wrong thus inflicted! And yet this, for twenty years, has been the attitude of the Abolitionist in Old England and New England towards the Virginia slaveholder!

And what has been the effect of this interference from abroad? The interference dates from the year 1833, the year of the formation of the New England Anti-Slavery Society. Up to that time the anti-slavery feeling at the South, and especially among the large slaveholders in Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky and the adjoining States, had been continually advancing, until, in Virginia, which contained at that time one-fourth part of all the slaves in the Union, in a Legislature of more than 120 members, the friends of a law for the gradual abolition of slavery wanted only a change of three votes to give them a majority, while the minority embraced the most influential and distinguished slaveholders in the State! This was in 1832, only one year before the great epoch of modern Abolitionism.

From that epoch all the movement of the South in the matter of slavery has been in the other direction. All the anti-slavery societies in that section of the country have been disbanded. The friends of abolition there have felt it to be unwise and unsafe to express their opinions in public. Laws forbidding the teaching of slaves to read have been enacted and enforced. Texas has been admitted into the Union under a pledge of Congress that it may be hereafter subdivided into five slave States. Vast territories have been conquered, or purchased, from Mexico, for the purpose of adding still more to the Slave Power. The Missouri Compromise, which excluded slavery forever from all territory North of 36 deg. 30 min. north latitude has been repealed; and attempts are now made to force slavery upon Kansas at the mouth of the revolver and the point of the bowie-knife.

These acts indicate the determination of American slaveholders to retain in their own hands the control of the Government of the United States, with its army, navy, revenue, patronage and resources of every kind, as the indispensable means of protecting their otherwise weak communities from the ruin and utter desolation which they apprehend from the prevalence of anti-slavery fanaticism in England and the North.

These acts of the slaveholder are the natural consequence of the doctrine and policy of the Abolitionist; and we believe that there are no men on the earth who would pass upon these acts and their authors a more withering condemnation than the great slaveholders of Virginia and the adjoining States, if they were only satisfied that this abolition doctrine and policy were held in proper abhorrence by the people of the North.

5. *If slavery should be overthrown by the doctrine and policy of the Abolitionist, in a country in which the slaves are numerous and unenlightened, the natural consequence would be, first, ruin to the master, to the slave, to the industry, and to all the great interests of the slaveholding community, and then the establishment of a despotism more severe than that which was abolished.*

The Abolitionist demands liberty as the right of every man, however ignorant, and denies the responsibility of the slave for any evils which may arise from any of his attempts to assert this right. This doctrine subordinates the good of the community to the good, nay, to the will, of the individual. It teaches every man that he is under no obligation to obey, or even to submit to, the law which oppresses him. It teaches the slave that he may at any time refuse to render the service which the law requires; that he may run away from his master whenever he pleases; and if he kills the officer of the law, or any one else who attempts to prevent his escape, God and all good men will regard the act as an act of justifiable homicide. It teaches the members of non-slaveholding communities to sympathize with every slave who runs away from his master; it teaches them that it is praiseworthy to enter into combinations to protect every such slave from the officers of the law; that it is noble to refuse to comply with the requisitions even of a solemn treaty into which they may have entered to deliver him up, although the treaty may be a source of inestimable blessings to themselves, to their country and to mankind, and although their refusal to comply with this requirement of it will put all these blessings in imminent peril. In short, the Abolitionist regards the right of every man to liberty as so absolute that he is under no moral obligation to heed any law, any treaty, any constitution, any good of the community, or any good of his own, which comes in conflict with it.

Need we prove that, if such a doctrine should prevail, in a community consisting to a great extent of ignorant slaves, the natural consequence would be ruin to all classes of its population, and to all its great interests, followed by the establishment of a new and more terrible despotism. The history of St. Domingo for the last sixty years has been a standing proof of the truth of our position.

The history of France, during the last seven years, proves more than this. It proves that a people corrupted by the doctrine of socialism (a doctrine akin to that of abolitionism, the advocates of both demanding, in the name of the rights of the individual, a sudden and radical change in the fundamental law and established order of the community)—it proves, we say, that a people corrupted by this detestable doctrine, although otherwise enlightened, are incapable of supporting a free government, but, after various vain attempts, are compelled to abandon it, and to prefer by their own vote an absolute hereditary military despotism.

6. *The principles of the Bible secure to the community, in the happiest manner, the two great blessings, Order and Liberty.*

The Bible denies the unqualified right of every man to liberty. Right, according to the ethics of the New Testament, is that which Love requires; for the law is Love, and to do that which Love requires is to fulfil the law, or, in other words, to do right. But Love always seeks the greatest good, and, therefore, subordinates the good of the individual to the good of the community. The good of every community requires, as the first grand essential, the firm establishment of order, and, as necessary to this, the recognition of an authority in some man, or some body of men, to make and enforce law. A community in which there is no man, or body of men, recognised as possessing this authority is in a state of anarchy, and anarchy is a greater evil than despotism in its worst form; for, in all ages, men have sought military despotism as a refuge from the horrors of anarchy. To save men from these horrors, God, in love and wisdom, declares in his word, "The powers that be are ordained of God"; thus constituting every sovereign, or ruler of whatever name, nay, every man on the earth, who has power over his fellow-man, whatever the amount of the power, his vicegerent, requiring him to regard this power as a trust, to be used for the good of the governed, to be surrendered when that good demands the surrender, and never to be employed for any merely selfish purpose; and requiring those under power to render all lawful service demanded, with fidelity and good-will, and to submit quietly even to oppressive rule in all cases where the good of the community does not clearly call for resistance.

The doctrine of the Bible thus maintains, in every community, including every slaveholding community, that peace and order on which essentially depends the security of life, of property, and of all the dearest interests of its members, including the welfare of the slaves themselves.

But while the Bible thus firmly secures the great blessing of Order in the community, is it satisfied with securing mere order? No; Liberty is also a great blessing, and the law of love, therefore, requires every Christian to strive to reconcile Order with Liberty, and, if possible, to secure both. Order is so indispensable to the welfare of the community that it must be secured at any expense, even, if necessary, by the sacrifice of all liberty. But order and a high degree of liberty can coëxist where the people are intelligent and virtuous; and especially where they have, in a high degree, that noble virtue, which subordinates the good of the individual to the good of the community, and makes men love to deny themselves, and to sacrifice themselves, for the good of others. In every free country in the world the amount of desirable liberty is proportioned to the prevalence among the people of this patriotic spirit, this self-sacrificing love. Christ was the preacher, and great exemplar, of this virtue, and the countries in which his doctrine has been most cordially received have always been the freest countries in the world.

If, then, the Reformer desires to introduce and firmly establish liberty in any community, he will prize the preaching of the Gospel as the one thing needful. He will rely on the love produced by faith in the Gospel to induce those in power to grant liberty; and he will rely on the same love in the hearts of the people to induce them so to use their liberty that they may continue always to enjoy it.

In a country where the oppressed are unenlightened, the only liberty which the Reformer really needs, in the first instance, is liberty to preach the Gospel. If he can obtain this, and will only use it faithfully and perseveringly, addressing himself discreetly to all in power and all under power, the effect will surely be such a change in the master as will convert slavery, while it lasts, from a curse to a blessing, and such a change in the slave as will make liberty, when it comes, the harbinger of every blessing to himself and the community.

Such are the effects of Bible principles where the Gospel has free course, and produces its proper influence both on the rulers and the ruled. But the case is supposable that an intelligent and virtuous people, fitted, by their intellectual and religious training, for the full enjoyment of the highest liberty, are deprived of this blessing, and cruelly oppressed by rulers who thus abuse their power. It may be, too, that, in the providence of God, this intelligent and virtuous people at length acquire the power to overthrow the oppressive government, and to establish a better government in its place. In this case, does the Bible require such a people to submit quietly to their oppressors? Does the Bible inculcate the doctrine of perpetual passive obedience and non-resistance?

No. The great command of the Bible, the paramount law, the law which has no exceptions, the law into which all other laws are resolved by our Saviour and his apostles is the law of Love, which requires us always to seek the greatest good of the community; and although the terms in which the less comprehensive laws are expressed may be absolute or unqualified, these laws are to be interpreted as qualified by the requirements of this higher law of Love.

The fourth commandment says, without qualification, "Thou shalt do no labour on the Sabbath day," but Christ interpreted it as not forbidding to heal the sick, or to feed the hungry; because these were duties required by the paramount law of Love. The Apostle says, unqualifiedly, "Children, obey your parents in all things"; yet, no one interprets this as requiring children to steal or lie, if their parents so command. "Thou shalt not kill" does not forbid the infliction of capital punishment on the murderer. Nor does the sanction which the Bible gives to the existing civil government forbid its overthrow, when the good of the community, for which all government is established, clearly requires it.

It may, indeed, be difficult to determine when that rare and momentous crisis has arrived, in which the highest good demands the resort to a measure so extreme as the overthrow by violence of that civil government which God instituted for the protection of the dearest interests of human society. So much is to be taken into the account that the wisest will falter and fear to act unless confident that they are guided by the wisdom from above. When, however, the Christian patriot, after sincerely and earnestly seeking that wisdom, and weighing well all that should be weighed in the case, decides that the time has come, then that love which, always aiming at the highest good, made him, from a regard to that good, a patient, submissive, faithful subject or slave will nerve his arm, and swell his heart, with holy heroism, while, rushing to the conflict, under the old Puritan banner, with its motto,

Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem,

he strikes, and, if need be, dies, for the liberty of his country.

Thus the doctrine of the Bible, in every case, secures, in the end, UNIVERSAL LIBERTY, not by asserting, with the Abolitionist, the unqualified right of every man to liberty, but by requiring those in power to give Liberty as the reward of intelligence and virtue, and to train all to the intelligence and virtue which will entitle them to receive, or, if need be, to demand, the gift.

RETALIATORY PROPOSITIONS IN GEORGIA.

From The Columbia (Ga.) Times.

GEORGIA RETALIATORY SCHEME.

A BILL entitled "A bill to provide for garnishment in certain cases, and for other purposes," and intended as a measure of retaliation on Abolition States, has just been introduced into the Georgia House of Representatives. The bill, after premising that the citizens of the State of Georgia have been wronged and injured in their property by the failure of certain States to comply with the terms of the Fugitive Slave law, provides that whenever a slave shall escape from service, or be carried into another State, and, upon demand being made for the rendition of such slave upon the Governor of said State by the owner of said fugitive, his agent or attorney, in fact, the slave shall not have been delivered up at the expiration of the thirty days next following the making of such demand (said demand to contain a description of the slave and his estimated value certified to on oath), then each and every citizen and body corporate of said State, to which such fugitive may have escaped, shall be deemed, held and bound as debtors to the owner of such slave to the full amount of said slave's value.

Section second provides that upon the happening of these contingencies, and the non-appearance of the fugitive within the time specified, the owner may appear and make affidavit accordingly before any officer authorized by law to administer oaths (said affidavit also to contain a description of the slave, his value and the value of his services); that thereupon the affidavit shall be filed and a summons issued to any person, persons, or bodies corporate mentioned in the affidavit, to appear at the next session of the Supreme Court from which the summons shall have emanated, to answer in what sums they may be indebted to any person or body corporate residing in the State to which such slave shall have fled.

Section third, after providing pains and penalties for the non-appearance of said garnishee within twenty days after citation by the Sheriff, provides that upon acknowledgment of such indebtedness on the part of the garnishee, a jury of twelve men shall be empanelled, who shall assess the value of the slave, and that thereupon the Court shall render a judgment against said garnishee for the amount so assessed; provided said amount does not exceed the amount of indebtedness admitted in the answer.

Section fourth provides that in case the garnishee shall deny said indebtedness, or not admit a sufficient amount to cover the value of the slave, then execution shall issue for the amount admitted to be due.

In plain words, the bill proposes to confiscate, for the benefit of the owners of fugitive slaves, the debts due by citizens of Georgia to citizens of the State to which the slaves may have escaped, if the authorities of that State refuse to deliver up the slaves upon claim of their rightful owners.

On a former occasion we expressed our objections to all such retaliatory measures as the one proposed in the Legislature of Georgia. The objections to them are many and weighty—are, in fact, insuperable. The subject has been mooted at various times, in this State, and it may not be amiss to recite some of those objections.

We will mention only one of those objections. Such retaliatory measures are, in their operations and effects, similar to embargo laws, which are sometimes resorted to by one nation at war or about to engage in war with another nation, for the ostensible purpose of crippling the commerce and curtailing the resources of that nation. They do quite as much harm to those whom they are intended to benefit as to those whom they are designed to injure. They have a reflex influence equal to their direct influence, if not greater.

It may be assumed that the trade in which the citizens of Georgia became the debtors of citizens of the non-slaveholding States is quite as important to the former as the latter. The people of Georgia, in the present state of commercial intercourse, are just as dependent upon Massachusetts for manufactured goods as are the citizens of that State dependent upon Georgia for the raw material of cotton. In this state of mutual dependence, it were folly to enact any law which would render uncertain the collection of debts due by citizens of one State to citizens of the other. The effect would be to destroy all commerce between the two States, and this destruction would injure the citizens of Georgia as much as it would injure those of Massachusetts. At any rate, there would be no debts allowed. All the commerce would be based upon the cash principle. There would be no credit, for there would be no means of compelling payment; at least, payment would be made uncertain. There would soon be no debts on which the law of garnishment would operate. It is needless to add that in such an event the people of Georgia will suffer as much detriment as the people of Massachusetts.

DISPOSITION OF THE INSULTING RESOLUTIONS OF THE NORTHERN STATES.

[Correspondence of The Augusta Chronicle and Sentinel.]

MILLEDGEVILLE, Nov. 19, 1855.

I promised in my last to give you some account of the House proceedings of Friday afternoon, which, though not of a business nature, were interesting, as indicative of the feeling prevailing here in regard to the rights of the South, and the propriety of retaliatory measures, as an offset to the aggressive and insulting measures adopted by some of the Northern States. The debate arose on a motion of Mr. Jones, of Muscogee, to have printed those acts and resolutions of other States, touching our federal relations, which were referred to in the Governor's message. It was stated that the documents accompanying the message had already been referred to a committee, to report upon the printing thereof. Mr. Thornton, of Muscogee, chairman of that committee, stated that the committee had returned to the clerk's desk the odious documents referred to, thinking it the better plan to treat them with silent contempt. Mr. Jones, of Muscogee, was willing to adopt any plan for expressing the profoundest contempt the human mind was capable of. But, however much we might despise the source whence these resolutions emanated, silence was not the mode of expressing our contempt. The foe was at our very door; the gentleman was in favour of fighting this fight through, &c. Mr. Lawton, of Chatham, moved to refer the odious documents to Committee on the State of the Republic, with power to print such as were needful. Col. Milledge moved to print the whole, the house needed them for information, and he cared not how scurrilous or insulting they were, he wished to see them and learn the whole extent of danger they shadowed forth. Mr. Lawton had confidence in the committee, and did not doubt but they would publish such documents as were needful. Moreover, though he did not deny the existence of the danger alluded to by Mr. Jones, he did not attach much importance to resolutions—danger did not take that shape. Mr. Tochune, of Floyd, was for silent contempt; he would send back the insults without comment. Mr. Johnson, of Cass, thought the best plan to adopt was to pass, Mr. Jones's retaliatory bill. After some further remarks, the documents were read by the clerk and referred to Committee on the State of the Republic.

THE POLICY OF THE SOUTH UPON INTER-STATE RELATIONS.

[Correspondence of The Augusta Constitutionalist.]

MILLEDGEVILLE, Nov. 17, 1855.

There is no political news of importance afloat at the capital. The discussion alluded to in my yesterday's communication (which came off in the House yesterday evening), between the talented gentlemen then referred to, in relation to that portion of the executive message which brings to the consideration of the Legislature the delicacy of our federal and inter-State relations, and indicates the true policy for the South, did not arise from any dissenting disposition on the part of any of the debaters to the line marked out by the Governor, but from a contrariety of opinion as to what action should be had in reference thereto at the present stage of their deliberations. From the unanimity of sentiment which seems to pervade both political parties (as indicated by the professions and actions of their leaders), on the "paramount question of the day," and the almost unanimous approbation with which the resolutions adopted at the political meeting of the 8th inst. are everywhere received, we are fully justified, I conceive, in expressing the opinion that the Empire State of the South will stand united in a solid phalanx, "as one people and one party," in the great contest of 1856. The whole question, including the Executive Message, the scurrilous and insulting bills and resolutions above referred to, and the retaliatory act providing the issue of a writ of garnishment in certain cases, is now before the Committee on the State of the Republic. The position assumed by the Legislature will be taken with unanimity. The bickerings and animosities engendered during the past exciting canvass are all apparently buried and forgotten by the representatives of the respective parties which but recently so widely separated us; and to carry us safely, "beneath a flowing sheet and a sunny sky, to the port of prosperity," is now no less the intention of the one than the desire of the other.

ANTI-SLAVERY FAIRS.

From The New York Herald.

THE WOMEN COLLECTING FUNDS FOR THE ABOLITION DEMAGOGUES AND AGITATORS.—The *National Anti-Slavery Standard* (ultra-abolition), published in this city, is garnished with several conspicuous advertisements of the Anti-Slavery State Fairs for December.

The first is the announcement of the Western Anti-Slavery Fair, to be held at Salem, Ohio, on the 24th and 25th December. "Contributions of money and of every description of merchantable articles" are solicited, "with a hopeful confidence of a generous response from the friends of the slave." Signed by Sarah Bowne, Laura Barnaby, Ann Pearson, Emily Robinson, Angeline S. Deming, and ten other ladies of the Committee.

The next is the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Fair, the Twentieth Anniversary, to be celebrated at Philadelphia in all December. "Contributions in money or goods will be very acceptable," and, "in making contributions, it is earnestly hoped that the importance of the cause may be recognised. Not only in the aid given for the freedom of millions of slaves, but for the liberty of all the inhabitants of this land, and for promoting the cause of humanity throughout the world." This is a large breadth of philanthropy. Signed by Sarah Pugh, Margaretta Forten, Lucretia Mott (the inevitable Lucretia), Maria M. Davis (a shining light), Emma Parker, Abby Kimber (another Abby), and about fifty other benevolent anti-slavery ladies devoted to the cause, and anxious to do something to relieve the sufferings of poor old uncle Tom.

The third proclamation of the series is that of the "Twenty-Second National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, to be held in Boston, Mass., during the Christmas week of 1855." The committee in this instance very fully, frankly and cordially set forth their opinions, objects and purposes, to-wit:

Convinced as we are that slavery is a sin and a crime everywhere and under all circumstances, that all complicity or connivance with it implies moral guilt just in proportion to the extent of the sanction given, that consequently all political and especially all religious fellowship with such a system of abominations is eminently criminal and dangerous, it is our endeavour to promulgate these sentiments, so far as may be in our power, throughout the whole length and breadth of the land. We propose to do this through the medium of Newspapers, Lecturers and Tracts, and we call upon all who fear God or regard Man to give us their sympathy and co-operation. The country is stirred as it never yet has been, but oh, how inadequately for the accomplishment of the great work that lies before it, and, in too many cases, by what poor and insufficient motives.

The ladies of the Committee further say, that the members of their Society "refuse to be concerned in the administration of a government cemented by the blood of slaves, or to recognise as churches of Christ the apostate ecclesiastical bodies of our country, who consider as goods and chattels personal, subjected to all the fluctuations that mark other property, the souls for which they profess to believe He died." And the Committee "solicit counsel and assistance from all friends of the slave, whether at home or in Europe." Signed by Anne Warren Weston, Mary May, Anne Greene Phillips, Louis

throughout the civilized world. I am for his immediate exclusion from the professedly Christian church, and from every honourable position in the State. As long as he is allowed to hold his head up in society—is deemed worthy of public consideration—is permitted to fill offices of trust and emolument—is recognised as a friend of his country, and animated by the spirit of true piety—and, especially, as long as those who claim to be the representatives and advocates of the slave treat him with marked attention—so long will he continue to rob and oppress the victims of his cupidity. He must be made to feel, as does the foreign slave-trader, the overwhelming power of public sentiment—that he is a "sinner of the first rank," utterly without excuse, and deserving of universal abhorrence. Is your invitation to him, gentlemen, at all calculated to produce any such feeling?

Gentlemen, an act wholly unnecessary is labour lost. The adage, that "it is not worth while to carry coals to Newcastle," though trite, is in this connection both pertinent and instructive. Is the Anti-Slavery cause, even in its mildest phase, so popular in Boston—are the apologists and defenders of Southern slavery so few and odious—that you deem it a meritorious act to import the leading slaveholders of Virginia, Georgia, Missouri and South Carolina, to sustain their horrible slave system against such overwhelming odds? How much farther advanced, in principle, on this subject, is Boston than Charleston, Richmond or Savannah? What of the pulpits and churches of this city? What is the animating spirit of the *Daily Advertiser*, the *Courier*, the *Journal*, the *Traveller*, the *Chronicle*, the *Post*, and other newspapers? While, therefore, the pulpit and press, the wealth, respectability, commercial strength, popular sentiment, and religious influence of Boston, are all actively combined to "crush out" every vestige of anti-slavery feeling and action, is it judicious or wise for those who are the victims of this all-prevailing pro-slavery sentiment to put their hands into their pockets, and proffer a liberal pecuniary bribe and every civility to induce the human-flesh-mongers, south of Mason and Dixon's line, to add their diabolism to the general corruption among us? To ask is to answer the question.

Gentlemen, what would be thought of the sanity of the American Board of Commissioners if, instituting a course of lectures for the subversion of idolatry, they should invite some of the most subtle and malignant worshippers of Brahma to come over, and "favour us with the views prevalent in their vicinity"—offering not only to give them enough to defray their expenses across the Atlantic, but to put a handsome sum into their pockets? All Christendom would resound with mingled cries of derision and shouts of laughter. When it shall be deemed proper to hire burglars, highwaymen, counterfeiters and pirates, to show that honesty, justice and mercy ought to be treated as fanaticism, madness and treason, then no objection can consistently be raised to securing the services of slaveholders in opposition to the sacred cause of human liberty.

How reads the Declaration of Independence? "We hold these truths to be SELF-EVIDENT: that ALL MEN are created EQUAL; that they are endowed by THEIR CREATOR with certain INALIENABLE RIGHTS; that among these are life, LIBERTY, and the pursuit of happiness." The right of a human being to his own body and soul, therefore, is not a debatable question. It is to be affirmed and maintained, not argued or proved. No slaveholder needs to be enlightened on that point. No man living is more conscious of his perpetual injustice to his victims. The blood-reeking slave code which he has enacted is the confession, if not the full measure, of his criminality. His guilt makes him a coward as well as a ruffian. Whatever may be his spirit or his manners, when his right to hold slaves is unquestioned, the moment that right is denied, it operates like the touch of Ithuriel's spear, which caused the dissembling toad to assume his true shape, that of a devil. He is then transformed into a wolf or tiger. His passions are "set on fire of hell." He spurns all barriers, and defies all restraints. He is ready for imprisoning, tarring and feathering, hanging, assassinating or lynching in any form, the daring Nathan who has accused him of violence and robbery. His resort is to gags, padlocks, scourges, bowie-knives, revolvers, and other instruments of torture and death. His trained blood-hounds are the embodiment of his own spirit. It is not light that he needs, but a heart of flesh. He aspires, in the exercise of his tyrannical power over his slaves, to exalt himself "above all that is called God," and is filled with Satanic pride. What is the South but one vast grave-yard, in which lie buried all noble aspirations, all reverence for human rights, all freedom of speech, all respect for justice? Truly,

> "The planters of Columbia
> Are gods beneath the skies!
> They stamp the slave into the grave,
> They feed on famine's sighs!
> They curse the land, the wind, the sea—
> Lord! have they conquered thee?
> With a frown looking down,
> They curse the land and sea:
> They rival hell, they libel heaven,
> But have not conquered thee!"

There are many questions, about which men may honestly differ; but the inherent turpitude of slavery is not one of them. The love of liberty is instinctive in the human breast. In the eloquent language of Lord Brougham,

> "There is a law above all enactments of human codes: it is the law written by the finger of God upon the heart of man; and by that law, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, they shall reject with indignation the wild and guilty fantasy, that man can hold property in man."

This sentiment is confirmed by a distinguished Virginian, Judge James G. M'Dowell, when he says:

> "You may place the slave where you please—you may dry up to your utmost the fountain of his feelings, the springs of his thoughts—you may close upon his mind every avenue to knowledge, and cloud it over with artificial night—you may yoke him to labour as an ox which liveth only to work, and worketh only to live—you may put him under any process which, without destroying his value as a slave, will debase and crush him as a rational being—you may do this, and the idea that he was born free will survive it all. It is allied to his hopes of immortality—it is the ethereal part of his nature which oppression cannot reach—it is a torch lit up in his soul by the hand of Deity, and never meant to be extinguished by the hand of man."

Slavery, therefore, is a heinous sin, not a debatable question. "If a man should propose to me," said DANIEL O'CONNELL on a certain occasion in Exeter Hall, "a discussion on the propriety of picking pockets, I would turn him out of my study, for fear that he should carry his theory into practice. But he who thinks he can vindicate the possession of one human being by another—the sale of soul and body—the separation of father and mother—the taking of the mother from the infant at her breast, and selling the one to one master, and the other to another, is a man whom *I will not answer with words*. . . . When an American comes into English society, let him be asked, 'Are you one of the thieves, or are you an honest man?' If you are an honest man, then you have given liberty to your slaves. If you are among the thieves, the sooner you take the outside of the house, the better."

I may be told, gentlemen, that, in declining your courteous invitation, I display as intolerant a spirit as Mason, Wise, Atchison and Douglas, and stand rebuked with them by the readiness of Messrs. Toombs and Hilliard to take up the gauntlet flung down to them. My reply is, that the former act entirely consistent with their slaveholding theory; while the latter are clearly conceding it to be a matter of controversy, and therefore one of uncertainty. Would they gravely discuss the question, whether there can be any property in merchandise, houses, ships, or other productions of human industry? And do they not declare that God and nature make property in man as sacred as any other property? Why, then, allow it to be an open question? "If the Lord be God, serve him; if Baal, then serve him."

I may be reminded that none of the distinguished speakers who are to appear in defence of freedom have thought of objecting to the invitation to Southern slaveholders. Perhaps they have not thought at all about it, and may yet regret that they had not done so before committing themselves. "To their own master, they stand or fall." I condemn them not. It is for each one to "be fully persuaded in his own mind," and to act accordingly. Far be it from me to dictate the course for others to pursue under such circumstances; mine is clear, and I must be true to my convictions, even at the risk of giving offence, or being grossly misunderstood and misrepresented by the enemies of impartial liberty.

Not doubting your earnest desire to promote the cause of universal emancipation—believing you have acted from the best motives, though unwisely—thanking you for your kind overture—and convinced that the most effective lecture I can deliver is to record this frank and honest testimony, I remain, gentlemen, with high consideration,

Yours, for no union with slaveholders,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

DR. SAMUEL G. HOWE, and others, Committee.

Slaves are better fed, clothed and treated, and more kindly cared for in old age, than the majority of Northern labourers. —*Favourite Pro-Slavery Argument.*

If so, it is astonishing how little they appreciate the blessings of their condition. To get out of it, one secretes himself in the hold of a vessel: another boxes himself in a cask: a third threads woods and swamps in the dark, guided only by the North star: a fourth swims rivers and risks bloodhounds and rifle bullets sooner than be taken: a fifth disguises himself and sets out for a land of strangers without a penny in his pocket: a sixth plunges in the river at Wilkesbarre, preferring drowning to capture. One day it is a boy that has run away, the next day a girl: then a man and his wife: then a mother and her children: then a superannuated old man. Last week we heard of six from Virginia, yesterday of eleven from Arkansas, to-day of a dozen from Kentucky. One is half naked, another has a scarred cheek, a third a branded arm, a fourth a mangled back, a fifth a bullet in his leg. Yet all these were better fed, clothed and treated, and more kindly cared for in old age," we are expected to believe, "than the majority of Northern labourers!"

And even when they have been away long enough to learn the difference between their past and present condition, they are perpetually hoarding up hard-earned sixpences and shillings and begging from door to door, in order to buy some husband, or wife, or child, out of the blessed state of slavery, and into the "privations and hardships" of freedom!

Southern friends! you judge of slavery from your own sleek and well-conditioned household, where it exists in its mildest and kindest form. We judge of it from the samples sent us from your slave pens, and your rice and cotton fields. Both perhaps exaggerate. But when our "Northern labourers" come to you, begging you for shelter, for food, for clothes, for money to buy their own wives and children—when they show you the scars made by *our* bloodhounds, cat-o'-nine-tails and branding irons—when they pray you, for the love of God, not to send them home, but to help them forward, anywhere, out of the country, as your slaves do to us—then, and not till then, we will believe that humanity is not better guaranteed by Constitutional Liberty than by Chattel Slavery.—*Ath. Eve. Journal.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1855.

☞ PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY. — The Eighteenth Annual Meeting of this Society will be held in Sansom street Hall, Philadelphia, on Tuesday, the 11th of December, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and will probably continue in session, with adjournments, till noon on the following Thursday.

The occasion will, unquestionably, be one of great interest. Subjects of more than usual importance will claim the attention of the meeting, and business will be transacted vital to the interests of the cause. The outrage committed by Judge Kane upon the person of Passmore Williamson will be considered in all its bearings and relations, and the meeting will take such action in the premises as the importance and exigency of the case may seem to require.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison and other advocates of the Cause from a distance have engaged to be present, and there will be no lack, during the meeting, of able speaking.

The members and friends of the Society, and all other persons interested in the progress of Impartial Liberty, are cordially invited to attend and participate in the proceedings.

By order of the Executive Committee.

J. M. MCKIM, Cor. Sec'y. JAMES MOTT, Chairman.

☞ PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR. — The Twentieth Annual Fair of Pennsylvania will open on WEDNESDAY EVENING, December 12, to continue till SATURDAY NIGHT, in the ASSEMBLY BUILDINGS, corner of Tenth and Chesnut streets. Admittance, 25 cents. Season Tickets, 50 cents.

Contributors are requested to send their donations to the Anti-Slavery Office, 31 N. 5th street, or to the LARGE SALOON of the Assembly Buildings on the morning of the 12th.

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*WHETHER WE MUST INEVITABLY KNOW NOTHING.**

THERE are two standing objections to the efforts in behalf of emancipation. They do not directly condemn emancipation as either wrong or unwise; nor, more directly, do they condemn effort as such, supposing it to proceed from the right source. They are rather to the persons making the effort, to the places where they reside, to what is imagined of their methods of action and the effects of such action, than to the principle itself of action or effort. The first of these objections grounds itself on our alleged ignorance of the subject; the second, on the hurt actually done by our endeavours. It is only the first of these topics to which we may now give our thought.

Let the objection be presented in a form, though brief, as distinct and comprehensive as possible: "From the very nature of the case," the objector affirms, "your knowledge of slavery, by consequence of emancipation, is extremely limited and imperfect. You have never been in a situation to make your way through the investigation, even of the facts, much less of the questions which the facts suggest, involved in so large and intricate a subject. The origin of slavery, the causes by which it has reached its present condition, the relations in which it stands to law, how European governments established it and left it as an inevitable possession or burden to us, how the Federal and the State Governments of our Union have treated it through our whole history from the Revolution—these are all matters of which you know but little. And still less do you know concerning the more private character and relations of the system; the claims of the proprietor, and the principles by which he vindicates them; the duties of the slave, and the manner in which he performs them; the rights of both, and the degree to which they are practically sustained or practically invaded on the one side and on the other; the local laws found necessary for a condition of society so constituted as that of our slave States, and the predominant feelings and opinions out of which both laws and customs have proceeded, and by which they are perpetuated. Of these things, how few are there among you whose knowledge could justify them in saying anything! In what profound silence should the ignorance of the multitudes persuade them to fix themselves and to remain forever! In a silence still deeper should you remain concerning the details of slavery; the conduct of masters and the condition of slaves; the happiness of the relation and the dignity with which it is maintained by the free; the good order and cheerfulness with which it is borne by the subject. You tell of immoralities, of impieties, of cruel oppressions, of unnatural punishments; really, you know little either of the facts themselves, reported in their exaggerations or fictions, or of the reasons or circumstances, supposing them to exist, by which they were caused. It were better for you, surely, to be modest, to confess ignorance, to invite those concerned, who do know the length and breadth of the thing, to discuss and deal with it according to their better wisdom."

So far as this mode of address—no uncommon mode, either—is to be considered in the character of an argument or appeal to modesty, we have nothing to say. We would neither boast our knowledge nor disclaim it. We may understand our subject well, or we may be quite ignorant of it. If the latter, our principle stands untouched; a system such as we think slavery to be certainly contains in it essential and inseparable elements of wrong, and ought, in reverence to the Truth and in love to the Human Race, forthwith and forever to cease. In this case, our error is only historical; slavery, here in America, is not the system to which such elements belong. We may fairly ask, then, to have historical error—error as regards mere matter of fact—corrected; this correction made, all we have said remains true, to be applied anywhere that such a system is in existence.

If, on the other side, we are less ignorant than is thought—if, indeed, we do know something of history not less than of ethics—what then? But we may dismiss this view for another. The whole method of appeal, the very ground on which it rests, is false. That a man has been three months in Georgia, or three years in Alabama, or anywhere else, has nothing to do with his real knowledge of slavery, his real qualifications for giving south-side views or north-side views, outside or inside views. Here is a common and fundamental delusion. The justification of slavery, supposing it susceptible of any justification, is found in its very nature, not in its history. The condemnation of slavery, supposing it worthy of condemnation, pertains to the principle, not to the incident. To transfer the subject, therefore, from ethical grounds to the compass of history is just as false as, in mathematics, to attempt the solution of a geometrical problem by pure arithmetical computation, or to answer a question in the Rule of Three by the demonstration of Pythagoras. How slavery began in America, how it has grown, what England has had to do with it, what the United States have done, are not the questions. Slavery exists, unquestionably: Is it right in principle? The man whose knowledge is sufficient to understand and answer that question is authorized to form, to express, to act upon, an opinion. Mr. Douglas, it has been reported, once taunted the opposers of the Bill which repealed the restrictions on the extension of slavery within the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska with not having, many of them, ever read the Bill. Suppose they had never read the Bill—for who would ever choose to read such uncouth words as legislative bills and statutes?—this were no impeachment even of their knowledge of the precise issue, much less of their integrity and general good qualities. Suppose they had never chosen to wade straight through such a slough as that. They could see that it was a slough without running into it. They could know that a solemn enactment had existed thirty years, forbidding the extension of slavery into certain Territories; they could know that this solemn enactment was repealed, opening, so far as such repeal could open, all those Territories for the entrance of slavery. Was not this enough? The opposer of the perfidious and tyrannous act charged only this act and its perfidy and tyranny. However he might deny the tyranny and the perfidy, bringing the case thus before the judgment of conscience, Douglas would, of course, make no question of the act itself. Whether it could be justified or not depended not in the slightest degree on concomitancies in the Bill, but on the character of the undisputed act specified against him. And just so the details of slavery, good treatment or bad treatment, happiness or suffering on the part of the master or on the part of the slave, and the legal relations in their bearing on both, of whatever interest in themselves and as portions of history, connect themselves no further with the religious and moral problem before us than as they may serve to illustrate it. The sole question—only we can hardly consent to have it called a question—is the Right or Wrong of a slavery known by all to exist.

Fix the question to this single point. We affirm that the very fact supposed to hinder our knowledge is precisely the reverse: it is a facility to knowledge. We are free from the influences of a local connection with slavery. We can look at it, unembarrassed by personal, local, pecuniary relations. We are in the situation most favourable to fair, unbiassed judgment; near enough to see the fact, distant enough to escape prejudice. We do not say that we have improved our advantages, that we have gained the knowledge we ought; we simply say that, if we have not, the fault is our own. Our local condition is more favourable to intelligence than any other. A Northern man as such is better qualified to judge than a Southern; and he at the North is best situated for knowledge and correct judgment who has least connection, other than through sincere piety and justice, conscience and humanity, with the peculiar institution, whose myriad, rather than hundred, hands reach from the South everywhere through the country. Judges and Jurymen, all confess, should be detached from all prejudices and personal interests in the cases which come before them; strange we should imagine it demands all the prejudice and personal interest of the slaveholder—somehow they never refer in the matter to the slave—to determine the right and the just in his own case. We would, forsooth, erect the defendant into not only witness and advocate, but judge and jury, and whole court!

Walking once in a city, with a good-natured friend, a person met a minister, said to be from the South. The good-natured friend stopped, and his companion heard him ask, in a half-supplicating way, what we here at the North should do. Tell us, lead us, you know how, in this matter; we could help, if you will only show us how; such seemed the burden of the entreaty. The person whose friend was so courteous did not wait, or was not able, to hear the answer. But, in his own heart, he could only think this one thought—Ask the devil to cast out devils!

It is not written in Jewish books, nor in any other that we are aware, how, one bright sunny morning, Lot went out, with his next door neighbour, into some beautiful field near their rich and flourishing city. They grew silent after awhile, as beauty makes us silent often. At length the stranger citizen, no longer dwelling on the scenes which surrounded them, turned to another topic. My soul, he exclaimed, is vexed with the sins around me. This wicked and doomed Sodom! Away with thy nonsense! and his neighbour kindled into rage. Thou camest a wanderer into this hospitable and glorious city, and wouldst set thyself up even for a judge!

* In a recent article, in these columns, entitled "Whether we do best in doing nothing," an allusion was made, at the outset, to a previous one. By an unlucky chance, the order of the two articles was reversed, and this which we now print should have been first. The force of neither of them, however, is lost by the order of their coming.

COTTON VIEWS OF THE BIBLE AND SLAVERY.

WE publish, this week, in its appropriate place, a long article from *The New York Observer*, in which the teachings of the Bible in relation to Slavery, as understood by the Cotton Divines—*alias* Pharisees—of this country are set in formal and logical array. We commend the article to the careful attention of our readers on both sides of the Atlantic, as one of the latest and most remarkable expositions of the spirit and principles which control the action of the American Church. Attempting no formal reply to a production whose sophistry is as apparent as its conclusions are absurd and revolting, we submit the following commentary thereon, from the pen of one who, while he loathes not less intensely than we do the disgusting morality of *The Observer*, is as orthodox in his religious views as that journal itself.

As Christ and his Apostles founded a religion for all times and all people, they established great moral principles applicable to all times and all people, instead of reprobating local, and perhaps temporary, customs and laws. They did not notice gladiatorial combats, nor gambling, nor duelling, nor specific immoral amusements, &c., but they announced principles which, when applied, would condemn them all. These same principles condemned every form of oppression, cruelty, injustice, of which men were then guilty, or might thereafter perpetrate.

The *Observer* admits that the *tendency* of the Gospel is to abolish slavery. The Gospel has no tendency to abolish that which is good; hence, whatever it tends to abolish must be wrong. Now, if the Gospel tends to abolish slavery, then *The New York Herald* and *The New York Observer* are both labouring to counteract the legitimate influence of the Gospel. With these journals every minister who holds slaves is a fellow-worker in thwarting the tendency of the very Gospel he preaches. But we are informed, that the preaching of the Gospel is the appointed means of removing slavery and all other evils. What, then, is preaching the Gospel? It does not include, according to the *Observer*, *preaching against slavery*. Clergymen, it seems, are not to preach against those evils which it is the *tendency* of the Gospel to remove! So far as we can learn, to preach the Gospel is, according to *Orthodox* cotton divinity, to preach certain doctrines which certain sects (denominated *Evangelical*) contend are revealed in the Bible. These sects are chiefly Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists. To preach the Gospel, therefore, is to proclaim, expound, and enforce the Thirty-nine Articles of the Episcopal Church, the Westminster Catechism, the Saybrook Platform, &c. Hence, to preach the Gospel is to insist on certain dogmas to be believed, not to point out sinful practices to be avoided. It is very possible for a man to swallow a creed, without being healed of his iniquities. The devils believe, and, owing to their high intelligence and their former communion with heaven, their faith is, unquestionably, most orthodox, and they do what multitudes of believers at the present day do not do—they tremble!

The *Observer* tells us, "*The servant of Christ will love his slaves and rule them in obedience to Christ's command.*" We are unacquainted with this slave-code established by Christ, but we do know that the slaveholders rule their slaves by the code *they have themselves enacted*—a code dictated by a very different master than the just and merciful Jesus. Now all condemnation, in the pulpit, of this code, is denounced by the *Observer* as a departure from the preaching of the Gospel. Nor will the *Observer* dare say this code is sinful—such an admission would condemn his Southern subscribers and the great mass of Southern ministers. Will the servant of Christ liberate his slave? No. Will he pay him wages? No. Will he teach him to read his Bible? No. Will he engage never to sell him, or his wife, or child? No. The "servant of Christ" loves his slave so far as to give him a sufficiency of food and clothing, and only so much flogging as is necessary to keep him obedient, respectful and industrious.

It is to be presumed, *a priori*, that the RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD, LEONIDAS POLK, BISHOP OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN LOUISIANA, is a servant of Christ. Mr. Brooks, the pro-slavery editor of *The New York Express*, visited, in 1853, the plantation of this eminent Churchman, and was, of course, so much delighted with its management, that we can scarcely avoid wishing that, instead of labouring as an editor to strengthen and extend slavery, he could personally experience its pleasures under episcopal sway. The Bishop, it would seem, prefers raising his stock to buying it. He had, according to Mr. Brooks, ninety children *under ten years of age*. For these lambs of his flock the Bishop, of course, established no school in which they could be taught to read the word of God. No spelling-books, no hymn books, no Sunday School books were theirs. But, says Mr. Brooks, "The young ones eat hominy, sweetened with sugar, plentifully supplied, and with an appetite that one might envy." That the Bishop's lambs are well fattened for market, there can be no doubt. "Eighteen children had been born upon the plantation in less than a year, and a child twenty-four hours old is worth $100." A crop of babies, in less than a year, worth $1,800, is rather a novel source of revenue for "a servant of Christ," but it fully warrants a liberal supply of hominy and sugar, especially as these black lambs, under ten years old, are worth $10 per pound. The Rev. Prelate is too good a manager to let his mothers waste their time in taking care of their children. "The children have their nurseries, where the *very old* take care of the very young, while the mother and father are at work." Thus the slaves who cannot labour are turned to account as nurses, while the mothers are sent to the field. The Bishop's slaves, 340 in number, Mr. Brooks assures us, "fare sumptuously, as do the great body of the slaves among all I have seen, from the interior of Cuba to the borders of South Carolina." So it seems "sumptuous fare" is not the result of that love which the servant of Christ feels for his slave, for all, good and bad, Catholics and Protestants, Spaniards and Americans, give their slaves *sumptuous fare!!*

Bishop Polk, according to the *Observer*, rules his slaves in obedience to Christ's command. We wonder if he also *breeds* them in pursuance of a command from the same authority! The Bishop, of course, baptizes his slaves, preaches the Gospel to them, flogs them, and, when convenient, sells them. Who can fail to see and feel what a powerful influence in hastening the Abolition of slavery in Louisiana the Gospel must exert, when preached as it is throughout the State by a Right Rev. Father in God, holding 340 of his fellow-immortals in abject bondage, and deriving an annual addition to his wealth of $1,800 from his crop of babies, in addition to the unpaid labour of their parents? Who will not adore the wonderful wisdom displayed in the Divine plan for abolishing slavery, as developed by *The New York Observer*?

The slave-code was enacted and is now maintained by men to whom the Gospel has been and is still preached. This code annihilates the conjugal and parental relations, enforces concubinage, denies the Scriptures, arrests all mental improvement and keeps millions in poverty, degradation and misery. With no exceptions worthy of consideration, the whole Southern Church, ministers and people, are banded together in maintaining and enforcing this devilish system of laws. If Southern Christians are "servants of Christ" and "rule their slaves in obedience to the command of Christ," then the slave-code is sanctioned by Jesus Christ; and thus we find an answer to the question, "What concord hath Christ with Belial?"

We are told "the plan of the Abolitionists excludes the reformer from the country and people to be reformed"—in other words, Abolitionists cannot, but at the hazard of their lives, go among the slaveholders and exhort them to liberate their bondmen. Be it so. But surely Abolitionists, bad as they are, have not abolished the preaching of the Gospel. By the Census, there are 26,842 regular clergymen in our country. It would be an extravagant estimate that 1,000 of these preach justice and mercy as due to the coloured race. But, admit that one thousand ministers of Christ so far neglect the preaching of the Gospel, as sometimes to intimate that slavery is not quite a Christian thing, still we have 25,000 and more, who, according to the Gospel plan, never utter a word in their pulpits against slavery and slaveholders. Of what consequence, then, is it, that a few despised Abolitionists stay at home, instead of going to the South to be lynched? Suppose they could be heard at the South; according to the *Observer*, they would only counteract the Gospel plan of abolishing slavery. As slavery is to be abolished by saying nothing about it, it is a happy circumstance that Abolitionists are excluded from the South. But Abolitionists excite bad passions, we are told—another reason why we should rejoice that they cannot go to the South. The field is thus left clear for Southern ministers, and cotton ministers from the North, both by practice and by precept to conciliate the slaveholders, and thus work the silent and gradual destruction of slavery.

"The doctrines and policy of the Abolitionists induce slaveholders to resort to every means to extend and strengthen their power." Here is a gleam of truth for which the *Observer* deserves credit. The slaveholders do indeed resort to every means to extend and strengthen their power. But it is a wonderful admission for a Northern pro-slavery organ to make. Recollect how many "servants of Christ" there are among the slaveholders—how many pro-slavery preachers of the Gospel. Now, these preachers no longer, as formerly, utter hypocritical complaints about being burthened with slaves—no longer wish they could be let alone in their endeavours to abolish slavery—no longer mourn that Abolitionists have postponed emancipation. No, "the servants of Christ" and the servants of the devil are united, heart and soul, in spreading the horrors and abominations of American Slavery. Thus we find Southern *religious* papers urging the establishment of slavery in Kansas, and among the scoundrels and ruffians composing the Missouri-Kansas Legislature appears the Rev. Thomas Johnson, of the Methodist Church, and so great is the confidence of these Missouri wretches in his devotion to slavery, that they make him President of the Upper House or Council. Perhaps the Gospel preached by Thomas Johnson will have as great an anti-slavery influence, as when preached by the great Louisiana breeder.

But while it is most true that the slaveholders resort to every means, however wicked, to extend their power, the *Observer* offers no proof that this desire for slaves and power is excited by a few reformers, who dare not enter the slave region, and who, at home, are frowned upon and rebuked, and abhorred by the rich and fashionable, and the profligate and vulgar, by the patrons of the *Observer* and the *Herald*. It should be recollected, too, that between twenty and thirty thousand clergymen have been weekly preaching the gospel, "God's own appointed way of abolishing slavery." Can it be that a few despised Abolitionists at the North have rendered null and void the labours of this great company of preachers, and have actually instigated the slaveholders, both clerical and lay, to extend and strengthen slavery? "Seventy years ago," we are assured, "Virginia and Maryland were at the head of the great anti-slavery movement which had just then commenced, but which has since extended to all parts of the world." Virginia and Maryland were opposed to the slave trade, says the *Observer*. If this opposition placed them at the head of an anti-slavery movement, they were indeed placed in a most false position. The breeding States have always been against a free trade in slaves. Even in the Federal Convention, the delegates from Georgia and South Carolina taunted the Virginians for opposing the African trade from mercenary motives. In spite of the Abolitionists, Virginia is to this day bitterly opposed to the renewal of the African trade, and the consequent interference with her own breeders. But, so devoted were the slaveholders, not merely of the breeding States, but of "the South," to emancipation, that they "*could not rest until they had tried the experiment of emancipation on their own slave soil*, by voluntarily liberating their slaves, until the number of free blacks amounted to more than 200,000"! That is, the number of slaves liberated in the whole Southern slave region, from 1620 to some time not mentioned, yielded, with their descendants, a population of 200,000 free blacks, amid more than three millions of slaves!! All this, be it understood, was before the Abolitionists commenced their mischief, and under the full preaching of the Gospel, untinctured with anti-slavery fanaticism; and this, according to the *Observer*, is the true Gospel plan of abolishing slavery!

If the *Observer* wishes it to be understood that any of the slave States ever encouraged emancipation, he intentionally deceives his readers. The laws were and are decidedly hostile to emancipation, and have been most cruel and detestably oppressive on the emancipated. There is scarcely a slave State in which the laws do not forbid the instruction of a free negro in reading. Pains have actually been taken, by law, to keep the free blacks not merely in ignorance, but in poverty.

As to Virginia, she has been, from the formation of the Union, the CONGO of America; and human flesh has been her great staple of exportation. In the Federal Convention, she demanded the cessation of the African slave trade, because it interfered with her own traffic in the souls and bodies of men. Slave labour is, from various causes, unprofitable in Virginia, and slavery would long since have been banished from her soil had not the demand for slaves in the cotton and sugar States induced the Virginia farmers to breed live stock for distant markets. In 1832, *before* the Abolitionists had interfered to prevent abolition, Thomas Jefferson Randolph declared, in the Virginia Legislature, that the State had become "one vast menagerie, where men are reared for market, like oxen for the shambles." In the debate of 1831, Mr. Gholston asserted that "the legal maxim, *partus sequitur ventrem*, is coëval with the existence of the right of property itself, and is founded in wisdom and justice. It is only on the justice and inviolability of this maxim that the master foregoes the service of the female slave, has her nursed and attended during the period of her gestation, and *raises the helpless and infant offspring. The value of the property justifies the expense.*" Happy is it when religious duty coincides with pecuniary interests. The Virginian breeders kindly forego, for a few months, the services of their female slaves, and permit them to become mothers, and then, instead of knocking the babies in the head, mercifully raise the helpless and infant offspring, and are rewarded for their benevolence by the value of the property thus acquired. Bishop Polk, as we have seen, for this single item of Christian love, receives an annual addition to his wealth of $1,800.

In 1829, Judge Upshur, afterwards Secretary of State, asserted, in the Virginia Convention, that if "Texas should be obtained, which he strongly desired, *it would raise the price of slaves*, and be a great advantage to the slaveholders of Virginia." Mr. Doddridge, in the same debate, said that the acquisition of Texas "would greatly enhance the value of the property in question," and, in 1832, Mr. Gholston, in the Virginia Legislature, said "he believed the acquisition of Texas would raise the *price of slaves fifty per cent.*" Yet, the *Observer* has the assurance to tell us that, up to 1833, the anti-slavery feeling at the South, and particularly in Virginia, had been continually advancing, and the annexation of Texas is included among the consequences of anti-slavery agitation *after* the year 1832!! Let it be remembered that this lust for Texas, and for high prices for negro flesh, grew and strengthened under the full light of Gospel preaching.

But let us proceed with the conduct of these good anti-slavery Virginians, who have been arrested in their labours for emancipation by the anti-slavery agitation, commenced by a few fanatics at the North, in the year 1833.

Professor Dew, afterwards President of William and Mary College, in Virginia, published a pamphlet, in 1832, in defence of slavery. In this he commends the Virginia slave trade, and avers that "it furnishes inducement to the master to attend to the negroes, to encourage BREEDING, and to cause the greatest number possible to be raised. *Virginia is, in fact, a negro-raising State for other States.*" So far back as 1829, Mr. Mercer estimated the revenue annually derived by the State from the slave trade at $1,500,000. But new markets continued to be opened, the demand for cotton increased, the price of slaves rose prodigiously, and, in 1836, the Virginia *Times* announced that, in the last twelve months, *forty thousand slaves* had been exported, which, at the average price of six hundred dollars, had yielded to the State TWENTY-FOUR MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

If *The New York Observer* honestly believes that Northern Abolitionists have quenched the anti-slavery feeling at the South, it has been given up to strong delusion, to believe a lie. But if he is honest in his belief, why does he find fault with the Abolitionists for promoting, however unintentionally, a cause he so dearly loves? According to him, the Abolitionists are strengthening and extending slavery. Why, then, are the slaveholders breathing out threatening and slaughter against such efficient allies?

"The high-minded anti-slavery men of the South," we are told, "could not *rest* till they had tried the experiment of immediate emancipation on their own slave soil." A strange sort of *immediate* emancipation, truly! Some *individuals*, and those very few in number, from motives of conscience or interest, emancipated their slaves, and such instances still occur occasionally. And what, according to the *Observer*, arrested this experiment? Why, "the great law of Christian love forbade further emancipation until something had been done to make liberty a blessing to the negroes"!! "*Next* came the plan of colonizing free blacks in Africa." Now, this plan was carried into execution in 1816; so the anti-slavery agitation in 1833 was not the cause why the slaveholders abandoned their restless experiment of immediate emancipation. These immediate emancipationists, it would seem, were confined to Virginia and Maryland, the two great breeding States, for the *Observer* remarks, "The error of the great slaveholders of *Virginia* and *Maryland*, at this time, was that they carried the feeling [of anti-slavery] *too far*, and were indulging it not merely at their own expense, but at the expense of the real welfare of the negroes and of the community." But they yielded, we are told, to "the great law of Christian love." This obedience to the great law occured, as far as we can understand, about the year 1816. Slavery was introduced into Virginia in 1620; and for two centuries, the preaching of the Gospel, the Divine plan for abolishing slavery, had been in operation, and in that time the slaves had increased from 20 to 425,000, and, at the expiration of these two hundred years, the great law of Christian love forbade emancipation! So much for the anti-slavery influence of the Gospel preached by slaveholders. If the *Observer* will inquire into the details of the Virginia slave trade, the rise in the price of slaves, and the increase of the cotton cultivation, he will find other causes than "the great law of Christian love," or even the interference of "fanatics," for the cessation of manumission, and the present effort of the slaveholders to resort to every means, foul or fair, to extend and strengthen their power.

In 1833, the year when the Abolitionists commenced this mischief, the cotton crop was 323,798,404 lbs., valued at $36,191,105; in 1851, it was 1,927,237,089, valued at $112,315,317. Whether this increase was or was not caused by the fanatics, even the *Observer* can understand that it has raised the price of slaves, given great energy to the Virginia slave trade, and rendered the slaveholders indisposed to manumit their slaves, without reference to the great law of Christian love.

As the *Observer* sees no possible agency for abolishing slavery, except the preaching of the Gospel without any condemnation of slavery, and as this agency has been in operation for two hundred years in Virginia, and has resulted in swelling the slave population from 20 to nearly half a million, we should like to know in how many more centuries he expects the Virginia slaveholding preachers will vindicate the Gospel tendency in proclaiming liberty to all the inhabitants of the land.

But enough of this nauseous task of wading through the false assertions and miserable sophisms of a professedly Christian journal in support of an execrable system, no less repugnant to the precepts of the adorable Redeemer than it is to the happiness and salvation of man.

Human depravity is a doctrine much reviled by such pretended philosophers as profess to believe in human perfectibility. If they will not be convinced of their error by a world lying in wickedness, let them look into the American Church. There they will see, as Ezekiel did in the chamber of imagery in the temple, men bowing down to Moloch, and offering incense to an idol, little, if any, less horrible and detestable than any adored by the Syrian worshippers of old. The Church has, in all ages, had corrupt ministers and members. In the very family of our Lord was a son of perdition. But we do not learn that the betrayer of his master was also his slanderer. We are not told that he circulated reports that Christ, notwithstanding his fine precepts about love, and justice, and mercy, and doing as you would be done by, had nevertheless authorized his disciples, in all coming ages, to seize upon their weak and defenceless brethren, and to make them toil for them under the lash, to deny them legal marriage, to forbid them the acquisition of property, to incapacitate them from reading the Scriptures, to steep their intellects in darkness, and to convert immortal beings, whom he professed to redeem, into mere beasts of burden.

HEALTH OF FRANCIS JACKSON.

As much sympathy and anxiety has been expressed in regard to the recent alarming illness of Mr. Jackson, it gives us great pleasure to be able to say that, we learn by late accounts from Boston, he is considered by his physicians and friends as, not only entirely out of danger, but rapidly recovering his former state of health. It is a cause of great thankfulness that a life so valuable to the anti-slavery cause, and to a very large circle of friends, is to be spared yet awhile longer.

A private letter from a friend in Boston communicates to us an extract from a letter to Mr. Jackson from Theodore Parker which has been seen by a few persons there. It is so characteristic of the writer, and says, in so pointed a way, what everybody who knows Francis Jackson must feel in regard to him, that we cannot refrain from copying it for the gratification of our readers. Perhaps we should apologise to Mr. Jackson for such a use of a letter to him which we happen to get hold of, but there are men who, if they only think even of dying, must expect to hear themselves talked about.

Mr. Parker, who was absent from home, thus writes:

"How much my wife rejoices me every day or two by a *Bulletin*, stating that you are better, and getting *better still*. Well, Doctors of medicine know as little of the Body, as Doctors of Divinity know of the Soul; and it often happens that a man is *saved*, whom they give up as *lost*.

"When a man has laboured and done as much as you have, bearing the burthen in the heat of the day, we ought not to grumble, if he strikes work, and quits the field a little before sun-down. For your sake, we ought not to complain, had the result been different. But we have a great deal of grass down, and want you to help get it in; and much more waiting for the scythe, and need you to cut it down."

THE [London] *Anti-Slavery Advocate*, from whose columns our own are so frequently enriched, is a publication of such value in itself and of such importance as an exponent of the best type of anti-slavery sentiment in Great Britain, that we esteem it no less a pleasure than a duty to commend it to the pat

HUMOURS OF POLITICS.

John Van Buren, says *The Times*, was twitted, a few evenings ago, by John Cochrane, for his false prophecy of 50,000 majority for the Soft ticket, and asked "Where are our 50,000 majority?" The Prince coolly replied: "Well, we have n't got them!" "And why?" rejoined Mr. Cochrane. "Because," said the Prince, "I estimated John Cochrane too highly."

——The *New Hampshire Patriot*, President Pierce's organ, having published a letter of the President to a politician of that State, written in December last, and which compelled Gov. Baker to leave the Know-Nothings, or be thrown overboard; the *Independent Democrat* calls upon the *Patriot* to publish also the letter of Caleb Cushing, written the September previous, advising Baker to go into the order and thus secure a Democratic victory. In determining the degree of credit due to the Administration for opposing Know-Nothingism, it would seem only fair that both letters should be published.

——The liberal press is having its laugh over a blunder of the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, which asserted recently that the leading Free Soil, now Republican, party, voted for Van Buren and Adams in 1844, and thus brought about the annexation of Texas. The world in general has always supposed, until enlightened by the *Advertiser*, that James G. Birney was the anti-slavery candidate for President in 1844, and that Adams, Wilson, and other leaders of the Free Soil party four years later, were then the active supporters of Henry Clay. This confusion as to names and dates is not a little amusing in a journal which is the exponent of the views of those infallible politicians, Choate, Everett and Winthrop.

——The editor of *The Wesleyan*, not long since, while travelling in a steamer, was put into a state-room with a hunker politician of the hardest sort of shell. He had an amusing time of it, if we may judge from *The Wesleyan's* report. The hunker does not seem to have exhibited entire reverence for *all* the Democratic leaders. Of the two Douglasses (white and black) he expressed himself thus: "I would go for Fred. before Steve., for any office, from constable up to President, every time." The editor says:

"I told him that I feared intemperance lay at the bottom of President Pierce's weak administration of affairs, especially in relation to Kansas, which the old man, with me, heartily condemned. He then informed me he had been on to Washington, and was sorry to learn that it was the case. But, said he, apologetically, 'Pierce don't drink a great deal of liquor every day. But very often he has what the boys call a bust up. Then he drinks hard. Of late too it has been more frequent, for he is a good deal worried.'"

——The Troy *Times*, having been informed that the ex-Rev. Joel T. Headly, Know-Nothing Secretary of State elect, had selected the ex-Rev. C. Chauncey Burr as his deputy, "improves" the occasion thus offered for presenting a biographical sketch of the said Chauncey, thus:

"Rev. C. Chauncey Burr, Deputy Secretary of State—'who'd a thunk it?' Mr. Burr was formerly a Universalist minister here. He was a preacher of the 'tremendu*ous*' species. He subsequently became a sort of moral reformer, and lectured against capital punishment, state prison punishment, and all that sort of thing. He was for elevating man and woman, curing them of sin 'intirely,' by the application of love—with perhaps a little practical free-love thrown in by way of variety. Chauncey next started the '*Nineteenth Century*,' a quarterly publication, and advocated the Greeley and other reformatory 'isms' of the day, and hurled awful anathemas against slavery. The *Century* 'busted up' one day, whether very much to the satisfaction of the subscribers who had paid for it in advance, we are not advised.

"Well, we next find the inevitable Chauncey operating as a Psychologist, putting girls and boys to sleep in lecture-rooms, and making them cut up all sorts of funny antics, while psychologically influenced by Chauncey's powerful mind. We had almost forgotten to mention that in the midst of all his reformatory labours of love, he found time to deliver a Free Soil Van Buren speech here in Troy, in 1848. Then Chauncey became an exposer of humbugs; he lectured against spiritualism, showed us just where the 'little joker' lay concealed, and his discussions were illustrated by the snapping of the toes by 'my brother Heman.' We next hear of Chauncey editing a daily paper down at Elmira, which journal soon expired.

"But bad luck in no wise discouraged our editorial hero. He first became the editor, then the proprietor and editor of the New York *National Democrat*—turned his back on reform movements and Free Soil principles in disgust—became Hard, very Hard—manifested great affection for adopted citizens, blarneyed the Irish and 'lagered' the Dutch, and called upon all to rally under the banner of the Hards. But they did n't all do it, Chauncey then sold out his paper, to enter, as he said, a more congenial field of labour, and lo! we next hear of him on the stump as a Know-Nothing speaker and leader.

And now he is to be Deputy Secretary of State! It is time he was rewarded. If he has n't 'played on the harp of a thousand strings' during the past dozen years, then we are no judge of different kinds of music. Personally, Chauncey passes for a 'clever fellow,' and since he graduated as a politician he has become 'one of the b'hoys.'

"The last time Chauncey was in Troy, he made a 'talk' to the Know-Nothings, when he became quite funny over the editor of this paper—desiring us to follow up his personal history even to the period of his birth, and if we desired it to search out the infant's diaper and use it as a pocket handkerchief. We have traced only a part of his public history for a dozen years, and we think Chauncey should be satisfied with its 'smell,' without requesting us to revive his infantile reminiscences. He can pass—into the office of Deputy Secretary of State!"

——The Boston *Atlas* makes merry over the tantrums of Henry A. Wise, as follows:

"The epistolary *cacoethes* has invested the moral cuticle (so to speak) of the sulphurous sage of Only. Our readers will remember the polished missive to Dr. Stone, oriental in its fervour, if not in its politeness. Having once dipped his pen into an inkstand, Mr. Wise shows no disposition to leave off. He is probably writing for his neighbours, poor souls! who cannot write themselves, nor read for that matter. He is disposed to scribble about everything with fatal facility. Somebody has named him for the Presidency. But this is nothing uncommon. It has happened to a great many people. Past history shows, indeed, that it is vastly easier to be named for the office than be elected to it. Pratt has been named, and so has Mellen. Law has been named, and so has Houston. But whenever any person, no matter how obscure or unheard of he may have been, finds his name, by the cackling of injudicious friends, coupled with the Presidency, straightway the ill-fated creature writes a letter to somebody, and epistolizes himself into ridicule and ruin. Wise is no exception to the rule. "A friend in Virginia" has been made the recipient of his modesty and his wrath. "The idea of the Presidency has not been allowed to enter my head," says H. W. We submit that this is not the point. What ideas are allowed to enter that head? Mr. W. is as coy as a country girl, and as obstinate as Julia in Don Juan. "Don't take me," he says, "there are one hundred men whom I prefer, for the Presidency, to myself. There are two, at least, in Virginia." Only *two* in Virginia! Why, Mr. Wise does not claim enough for the Old Dominion, the fecund mother of Presidents. Two, forsooth! Don't tell us; there must be two thousand. But to return to the blushing, hesitating, palpitating, trembling virgin politician of Only. After all his hesitation he consents. And then what a change comes over him! All his modesty is turned to sublime madness; and all his timidity to tinder; he becomes a walking torpedo, a thirty inch bombshell, a fiend and a fury. He roars out that he will rule *à la mode* Jackson—and a very stiff and robust mode we all remember it was. "I will fervently and effectually rule Black Republicanism: *I will rule them*," cries Mr. Henry, forgetting Lindley Murray, in his admiration for Old Hickory. So we may know what to expect when this consummer of hot coals has achieved the Presidency. Boston bombarded, custom-house officers being previously allowed to depart with their little property; Seward and Sumner hung; nobody allowed to say 'nigger' in the House, on pain of expulsion; the sword of Virginia flashing here and there like a meteor; Yankee schoolmasters executed in Accomac with their ink-horns round their necks!

"The United States could meet pestilence, famine and insolvency tolerably well; but though ten times more powerful, they would shrivel like a scroll in the embrace of such a salamander President as this. Give us anybody but him. Let the 'fierce democracie' take any shape but that, and our firm nerves shall never tremble. Give us the hirsute man of musket and steamboats, who proposes to pay $1,500,000 for the Presidency; give us that soft old warrior, Sam Houston; give us the 'national' Buffalonian; give us a rum Commodore, no longer fit for the sea; but save us, ye electoral destinies, save us from this Virginian Pistol! We must, indeed, expostulate. Will our Democratic friends listen for a single moment? Do they seriously think of imposing this spitfire, this rampant, roaring, raving, rapacious ranter upon the country? We will not, cannot believe it.

"Some young lawyers think they are like Choate, because their tangled locks are always unkempt; and Mr. Wise may think he is like Jackson, because he is continually losing his temper. He is mistaken. The 'Gineral' often went into a passion, and so do fishwives in Billingsgate, and Mr. Wise is more like the latter than the former. He will not be nominated. A Democratic Convention, shrinking from scarcely any absurdity, will shrink from that. Its business will be to discover some unknown man, and to put him before the people for a miracle. But everybody knows Wise. We have all laughed at his tantrums at any time for twenty years past. A peppery disposition is a very poor qualification for a candidate; and Mr. Wise will be named only in Only and the adjacent demesnes. We can bear a hard-headed, practical bigot, representing, in some sort, our enterprise, our commerce, our wealth; but one who embodies only the bankruptcy, the lunacy, the folly, and the teapot tempests of Virginia—never!"

OUR CORRESPONDENT, "D. Y.," does not show his usual discerning of spirits if he supposes, as he seems to intimate in his letter to-day, that our late Corresponding Editor, "E. Q.," has ceased to write for THE STANDARD. We would inform him, and any others of like lack of discrimination, that he has furnished as large a proportion of our editorial matter, since we adopted the plan of *anonymosity*, as when his articles were distinguished by initials.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 26, 1855.

As the readers of *The Liberator* are supposed generally to see THE STANDARD, I desire to say a few words in relation to an article published in the former paper. It was headed, "Kane and Williamson," and signed "S"—indicating, as you have since informed us, that Lysander Spooner was its author. It appeared, however, in the leading editorial column, and stands, up to this time, as the recorded judgment of *The Liberator* in the premises. As the writer labours under some obvious misapprehensions as to facts, and has, therefore, been led into expressions not fairly warranted, I desire to offer a few suggestions by way of enabling Mr. Garrison to make the proper corrections in the record, and to put the matter in its true light before his readers.

"S" says: "Williamson's original position was, that he would give no information concerning the negroes, &c., *and that he would answer no further questions concerning them.*" This is not the fact. Mr. Williamson never took any such ground. On the contrary, he repeatedly declared himself willing, at any time, to answer any interrogatories the Judge might put to him. The truth is, overtures had been privately made to him on behalf of Judge Kane, to the effect that if he would come forward with a petition asking to be interrogated with a view to his exculpation, he would be released. These overtures Mr. Williamson declined. "I am in Judge Kane's power," said he; "if he wants to ask me any questions, let him send for me. I am ready to answer any interrogatories he may put to me." The allegation, therefore, of "S" that Mr. Williamson's original position was that "he would answer no further questions," is not true; and there is no ground, therefore, for the inference he draws, that "he now retreats from this position."

"S" says: "The fact that Kane did not push any offensive inquiries is to be set down to the fact that he knew the slaves were now entirely beyond his reach, and that, since no good could be accomplished by further inquiries, he had decency enough not unnecessarily to wound the feelings of a man who had confessed himself subdued." This sentence contains two important errors; one as to the reason of Judge Kane not pressing his inquiries, and another in attributing to Mr. Williamson a confession he never made. Judge Kane's reason, as it is believed here by everybody I have heard speak on the subject, for not pushing his inquiries further, was, that he feared it would elicit an answer that would oblige him to recommit the prisoner. This was the thing of all others he did n't want to do. Vandyke was for "sifting the respondent's conscience," and he framed several interrogatories with this view; but Judge Kane would not allow them to be put. And when the District Attorney still persisted, as a matter of consistency, and refusing to understand that it was all a matter of make-believe, the Judge had to snub him by reminding him that he was not now acting for Wheeler, but for the Court, and giving him to understand that he was overdoing the matter and only making himself superserviceable. As for Mr. Williamson's "confessing that he was subdued," the idea is entirely without warrant. It is no uncommon thing for a party in a battle to give up an untenable position where he could act only on the defensive, for a more advantageous one where he could, in his turn, become assailant; and I believe that such shifting of ground is not usually regarded, either by the enemy or by friends, as implying an acknowledgment of submission. Mr. Williamson, by the purgation manœuvre, is understood here always as having only shifted his ground for the purpose of carrying on offensive operations more effectually.

"S" says: "Let us not blame poor Williamson for this sad result. No one has a right to blame him who has not been through the same ordeal, and experienced, as Williamson had, the extinction of all hope that the people would visit him with *their* writ of deliverance." This has an insulting sound which I hardly think the writer meant to give it. If he had known better the man he was talking about he would not have used such language. "Poor Williamson" had not "bated one jot of heart," if he had of "hope," under his "ordeal." He was in no hurry to get out of jail. He was cheerful in his confinement, and was continually resisting his lawyers' excessive—as he regarded it—eagerness to extricate him. "Let the question be decided on principle," he kept saying to them, "without regard to me." "Never mind whether I am to stay in a long time or a short time," he said to his friends, up to the last; "I want the issues involved in this controversy to be settled on their own merits." Mr. Williamson was in no hurry, whatever, to get out of jail. His lawyers, however, were not so patient. They believed that it would be for their client's advantage, as also, perhaps, for their own professional credit, to get him out as soon as possible. They considered that a party in prison fought at a great disadvantage with another on the Bench, and that an aggressive attitude was much more favourable to victory than one of defence. They were, therefore, anxious to get their client into a different position. They had approved Mr. W.'s course, in declining, at an early stage, the private overtures of Judge Kane to come forward by petition; but when, in his decision upon the apprehension of Jane Johnson, the Judge said openly, "that his [Williamson's] duty then, as now, was and is, to bring in the bodies; *or, if they had passed beyond his control, to declare on oath or affirmation, so far as he knew, what had become of them;*" they made haste, with their client's consent, to produce his "affirmation" as to what he knew; and when they were told that they must not come by affidavit but "by petition," they presented themselves with a form of petition; and when they were told further that that form was not the right form, but that so and so would be acceptable, they recommended the so and so form to their client, and he adopted, and signed, and presented it.

Now, the question is, did Mr. Williamson do right in presenting this petition? *I think he did.* It is true, he had refused to do the same thing two months before; but this was when it was proposed to him by Judge Kane, privately and indirectly, and when there was a chance of accomplishing the same end by other procedures less disagreeable. But when Judge Kane publicly stated the terms on which he would release him, and at the same time dictated the form by which he was willing to be approached; and especially when he put that form, purposely, as it was believed, in phraseology susceptible of a construction which would not involve the prisoner in any essential concession, then, I say, Mr. Williamson could not have refused to avail himself of it without making himself, in the eyes of the world, a martyr to a mere punctilio. By the words of the petition, he prayed that he might be "permitted to purge himself of *the contempt because of which he was committed*"; which "contempt," as he understood it, was no contempt at all. This was a technical and legally phrased way of saying that he desired an opportunity of clearing himself of the charge under which he was suffering as a prisoner. It was mortifying, to be sure—perhaps it was humiliating, but certainly it was not degrading—to have to offer such a petition. He could do nothing else. He was in Judge Kane's power. He might and did deny his authority, but his *power* in the premises was indisputable; it had to be acknowledged and submitted to. His abuse of it he might be called to account for, but not by Mr. Williamson, with much chance of success, till he first got out of his clutches; so he submitted, with the best grace he could, to Judge Kane's *power*, without acknowledging his authority.

There was another point in these final proceedings in which, though no notice has been taken of it by "S," I must confess, in candour, the course of Mr. Williamson has not seemed to me so clearly justifiable. To the interrogatory of the District Attorney, "Did you seek to produce the bodies, &c., and if not, why not?" Mr. Williamson replies, "I did not seek to produce them," &c., and "I did not seek to produce them because I verily believed it was entirely impossible." My objection to this answer was, and is, as I said on the spot to Mr. Williamson, and as I say now, that it implies, as language is popularly understood, that he would have produced them if he could. Mr. Williamson did not so understand it; nor did his counsel regard it as containing any such implication. I could have wished, however, that his answer had been so amplified as to leave no ground for doubt or cavil. If he had said, for instance, "I did not seek to produce them, because I verily believed it was impossible, *and because, moreover, with all respect to the Court, I believed myself under no legal obligation to produce them, but, on the contrary, felt conscientiously bound not to do so,*" I believe he would have placed himself in an impregnable position, and would have put Judge Kane in a dilemma from which he could not have extricated himself without the deepest humiliation. But Mr. Williamson replied in language approved by his counsel, and, I question not, by his own conscience, and the people generally think he did right. They do not regard him as having made any important concession. Certain it is, he has not "made an unconditional surrender," and equally certain is it, that Judge Kane has not "obtained a complete triumph." Triumph, indeed! where are his laurels? Has he obtained for his friend Wheeler his lost slaves—or their money value? Has he made his prisoner disclose their whereabouts? Has he compelled him to answer his mandate, in terms which, according to his definition, are not contemptuous? Has he gained any credit as a jurist, or honour as a judicial magistrate? Has he acquired popularity at the North, or at the South anything more than credit for good intentions? What has he gained but a notoriety which makes his name everywhere infamous, and a suit for damages that will require all his ingenuity to defend? Judge Kane, in the final proceedings, publicly testified that Mr. Williamson had at no time been guilty of any want of respect toward the Court; he accepted as a substitute for an answer which was not contemptuous, a reply which lawyers say, if it had been returned to the original process, would have been clearly contemptuous; and he himself, the Judge on the bench, was reduced to the humiliating necessity, at last, of dictating an answer that would steer between wind and water, and be compatible at once with his prisoner's integrity, and his own offended, and anxious to be appeased, diginity. To call such a lame and impotent conclusion a triumph, is to use words without regard to their proper meaning.

No; Judge Kane has not obtained a "clean victory," nor has Mr. Williamson suffered a "clean defeat." The parties have only shifted their positions. The fight is not yet over; but, as it now stands, Mr. Williamson has greatly the advantage. The arena, as you have been informed, has been changed from Philadelphia to Media, and when the next engagement will take place no one knows; probably not for months yet. The case will be tried before Judge Haines, who, inasmuch as he is neither an Abolitionist nor a pro-slavery man, will be a very proper person to adjudicate it. A correspondent from this city, in your last paper, says that Judge Haines was an office-holder under Fillmore. He was Secretary of State in this Commonwealth, under Governor Johnston, and, although too conservative for that gentleman on the slavery question, and though afterwards known as a Silver Gray Whig, I believe he never held an office at the hands of President Fillmore.

I trust that, in view of the considerations urged in this letter, the article of "S" will not be allowed to stand as the final judgment of *The Liberator* in the premises. M.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CLXXIX.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent complaineth of the siccidety of the times—He discourseth of political soda-water and of the need thereof—And also of prospective decapitations—Of the Municipal Election—Of a change of Doctors for the Body Politic—He confesseth inferiority to New York—But is hopeful—He telleth of the Lectures on Slavery—And of Mr. Garrison's and Mr. Wise's Letters—He enlargeth on Parsnips—And on Butter—And telleth of the messes interchanged between Mr. Wise and the Mercantile Association—He expostulateth with a Philadelphia Correspondent—And defendeth himself and the lacteosity and butyricinity of his letters, &c., &c., &c.

BOSTON, Nov. 26th, 1855.

DRY times, these, Messrs. Editors, for Correspondents! The week or two after a General Election is something like the day after a drinking-bout. Sermons and soda-water are excellent things, no doubt, under such circumstances (at least, my Lord Byron, who ought to know, says they are); but they are by no means as amusing to the unprejudiced spectator as the freaks and funniments of the night before. The State has hardly yet recovered of its annual political debauch, and is proportionably stupid. The only persons who have much sensation left are the Know-Nothing officeholders who turned Republicans just before Election. They probably have that intense feeling of vitality which men expecting bourly the list to come down that is to send them to the guillotine may be supposed to experience. For it is understood that Governor Gardner intends to make root and branch work with all such corrupt trees that yet encumber the Know-Nothing Vineyard. They are to be incontinently hewn down and cast into the fire. But as such are the conditions on which all men enter into political warfare, none can complain that there is no discharge from them, and these confessors must encounter their doom with what constancy they may. They would probably have all done the same thing in his place. And the world in general regards such massacres with a marvellous equanimity.

There is some talk here, I see and am told, of an attempt to unite on candidates for Mayor and other city officers, without regard to old parties, so as to bother the Know-Nothings. Anything and anybody that will pitch our present disgraceful Mayor out of the City Hall windows would be a thing to thank God for. But it is not likely that any list could be agreed upon that would unite the anti-Know-Nothings. The Hunker Whigs and Democrats, of course, would consent to nobody that would not be, at least, as ready as Dr. Smith to array the Sims Brigade and the Burns Guard against any dangerous negro who should threaten the stability of Our Glorious Union, and it is to be hoped that the Republicans would agree to no such thing. So it is not likely that any head can be made against the dominant faction, this year. But we shall, probably, have a change of treatment. Doctor Smith has had charge of the patient (and it is *very* patient) long enough. He has had his share of the fees, and will have to give way to some other quacksalver who is standing ready, and equally fit, by virtue of his knowing nothing, to step into his shoes. It is not probable that we shall have anything better in his place; but we can hardly have anything worse, and a change will be some refreshment, at least, if no relief. We may go on until we reach that pitch of Municipal perfection you seem to have attained in the congeries of cities round your waters, where, if your daily papers are to be believed, the Mayors, Chiefs of Police and Judges are on amicable terms of reciprocal benevolence with the burglars, robbers, gamblers and prostitutes in their jurisdictions; provided always, that they are sufficiently eminent in their several professions to make their friendship desirable and remunerative. I apprehend that we are a little behind you in these respects—or, at least, that our City Fathers have had the luck or the discretion not to be found out. We have not had a Judge tried for taking bribes, yet, at any rate. But do not plume yourselves too much on your advantage over us. We are improving, and may overtake you, yet.

The course of Anti-Slavery Lectures began here last week. Or, rather, the Course of Lectures on Slavery, as it seems to be the purpose of its promoters to have it a Pro-Slavery as well as an Anti-Slavery one. Mr. Mann gave the first lecture to a very good audience—though not so large a one as used to be in attendance, last winter. But it will very likely grow up to the same figure, or one very near to it. The poem of Mr. Whittier was read by the Rev. Mr. Starr King, extremely well. I did not happen to be present in person, so I cannot speak of the performances of my own knowledge; but I was assured, on good authority, that they were very creditable ones. The feature in the plan of this Course to which I have alluded has had the effect of calling out an excellent letter, as your readers know, from Mr. Garrison, which will probably do as much good as any lecture he could have given. I see it has been extensively copied, which is a good thing, so well does he divide the word of truth and separate the precious from the vile. The idea of offering the most notorious slave-mongers in the country liberal inducements to come to Boston and try to make her more pro-slavery than she is, is surely an odd one. It were a very proper thing for the Union Safety Committee to do. To be sure, this was not the purpose of the inviting Committee; but it must be the one suggested to the slaveholders invited. Otherwise, the invitation is a simple impertinence, well worthy the cuff which Governor Wise gave them by way of answer. To ask a man to come and make a fool of himself, by attempting to defend what one regards as utterly indefensible, so that the Truth may be magnified by means of his stultification, is not a complimentary thing to the party, in whatsoever complimentary phrases it may be wrapped up. And Mr. Wise was farmer enough to know what sort of a parsnip was buttered for him with these fair words. So he threw it back in the senders' faces, rudely enough, to be sure, but not *unsensibly*, if there be such an adverb, and if there is n't there ought to be.

It is a great mistake in the proverb to say that Fair Words butter No Parsnips. They butter any quantity of them. Charles Lamb would have done well to expose this error, also, among the other Popular Fallacies he has shown up. But there are some Parsnips, so very coarse, corky and bitter that all the butter in Orange County could not lubricate them sufficiently for comfortable deglution. Such Mr. Wise seems to have found this gift from the East. To condescend to defend his property in his human stock would be to admit that it was a question with two sides to it. And such an admission would be giving up the whole thing. And so he gave the senders a bit of his mind. But then there are diversities in parsnips, as I have just said. Even Mr. Wise can butter them, himself, when there is occasion, and that with unctuous overflowings. For Mr. Wise was invited by the Mercantile Library Association (I think it was that), also, to lecture before it, this Winter. I have not seen their letter, and so I cannot say whether it was written before or after the publication of his letter to the Anti-Slavery Committee. It is very likely that the last was the case, as he is not a *lecturable* sort of man, one would think, one that would have occurred to anybody to invite for such a purpose, for his mere oratorical merits. But you know there is a sort of human beings, who, in their schoolboy-days, when they had seen one of their fellows receive a box on the ear from a crabbed pedagogue, always felt like fawning upon him just then for a fair word, and so continue to feel through life and act accordingly. Who love to lick a hand that has a whip in it. Well, however it were, they had their heads patted, and they were called good fellows, and the dog-whip scarcely peeped out of Mr. Wise's pocket as he caressed them. It is evident from his answer that these Mercantile sucklings had earned his fair words by abundant fawning. And so effectually was the dish of parsnips he sent back to them buttered, that it is very likely some of them have not discovered yet that it really implied a greater contempt for them than the mess he sent to his first inviters expressed for them.

But, if I don't take care, I shall seem to incur the gentle censure of your Philadelphia correspondent in last week's STANDARD. I certainly have no reason to complain of the parsnip he sends to me or of any lack of *butyrine* in the dressing thereof. Only, I am surprised that one of so excellent a judgment should think that my letters are lacking at all in the milk of human kindness. Milk, forsooth! Why, they exude at all points the creamiest of its cream—*la crême de la crême*—such as would put to the blush that even of the famous cream-pot breed of cows, which would not run out of the jug if you turned it upside down. If there be anything I do pique myself upon, it is the sweetness and amiability of my letters. Now, had his scarcely-hinted censure been applied to the writings of "E. Q.," who used to write editorials for you, in former years, I should have agreed with him entirely. I never half liked *his* way of doing things. But me! I am entirely another sort of person. George Thompson used to tell a story of a good subscriber to THE STANDARD (who, it is hardly necessary to say, are the most intelligent and best part of the community), who expressed to him his disgust at the writings of this last named individual—"he could not bear them—they were so hard, so unforgiving, so truculent, so savage!" But, then, he liked especially (pardon my blushes as I recite the story) the letters of the humblest of your servants. "*They* were in a different vein altogether—so mild, so genial, so friendly!" He would have dropped the paper long before for the sins of the first, had it not been for the redeeming virtues of the last. This, I think, goes to the root of the whole matter. And if your friendly correspondent will merely read over attentively, in course, my hundred and eighty letters, save one, I am sure he will come to my conclusion, that if there be any acid at all in them, it is merely *lactic* acid, which is inseparable from all sincere Milk—the secretion of "the milky mothers," and not of the pump, the chalk-pit and the milk-man. D. Y.

A MODEL DEMOCRAT.—D. S. W., a colporteur of the American Anti-Slavery Society, writing to *The Liberator*, relates the following incident:

"The colporteur called at a respectable looking farm-house in ——. Seeing an open door, and hearing voices in that direction, he stepped to the door and called the attention of the family to the business on hand. The democrat that confronted him was one of the unterrified—about six feet two in stockings—lean and muscular, sandy hair, and reddish whiskery bristles extending quite round the face.

"Colporteur—I am distributing some Anti-Slavery Tracts, and shall be glad to give you one or two, if you will accept of them.

"Democrat—Waul—gorry! no—I guess ye'd better carry 'um 'long. Putty bizness, carrying about them things. (Growing warm.) Darn it! any on ye would grind up a nigger for the sake of the ile.

"The colporteur passed along, reflecting upon the power of slavery. It can eat out the heart of the rudest as well as the most polished of the American democracy."

BUST OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.—A specimen copy, in plaster, of the bust of Mr. Phillips, lately executed by Mr. John A. Jackson, of Boston, is at this office, where our friends are invited to call and see it. All Mr. Phillips's friends, so far as we know, agree with *The Liberator*, that it is the best likeness of him which has yet been taken, and all that could be desired. It should find a place in every anti-slavery household. Price of plaster copies $10.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 601, contains a variety of excellent matter, selected from the *Edinburgh Review*, *Household Words*, *Chambers's Journal*, *Athenæum*, and other periodicals, including several American dailies. 343 Broadway.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

INTRODUCTORY LECTURE to the Course of Instruction in the Female Medical College of Pennsylvania, for the session of 1855–6, by ANN PRESTON, M. D., Professor of Physiology.

Prof. Preston's address is creditable alike to her professional knowledge and literary taste, and deserves a better mechanical dress than that in which it is presented to the public.

PROCEEDINGS of the Annual Meeting of Friends of Human Progress, held at Waterloo, New York, on the 3d, 4th and 5th of Sixth month, 1855.

We commend this pamphlet to the attention of those who desire to inform themselves in respect to one of the most striking of the religious movements of our time—a movement which aims to secure the benefits of religious association while avoiding the manifold evils of sectarianism. It has already attracted the attention of enlightened minds on both sides of the Atlantic, and is rapidly gaining in numbers and moral strength. We have already published the address issued by the Waterloo meeting on the subject of slavery.

ADDRESS BY FREDERICK DOUGLASS, and POEM BY A. C. HILLS, delivered at the Erection of the Wing Monument, at Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y., Sept. 11th, 1855.

Asa S. Wing was well known as an earnest and self-sacrificing friend of Reform, whose virtues were, by his friends and neighbours, deemed worthy of public and permanent commemoration. The address and poem delivered at the erection of the monument to his memory were deemed worthy, by those who heard them, of general circulation, and therefore were issued in pamphlet form.

A DISCOURSE, delivered in Westminster, Mass., Oct. 14, 1855, by D. C. O'DANIELS, on the occasion of resigning the Pastoral Charge of the First Universalist Society in that place.

The author of this discourse, it would seem, gave such offence to a portion of his parishioners by what they deemed heretical preaching, that he was constrained to resign his place. In addressing his congregation, however, for the last time, he took occasion to defend himself right earnestly, and to show that, as a religious teacher, he had been true to them in being true to his own highest convictions.

SPEECHES OF GERRIT SMITH IN CONGRESS. New York: MASON Brothers. Pp. 423.

In publishing this volume Mr. Smith has conferred a favour upon his numerous friends and admirers and made a valuable contribution to the literature of American legislation. The volume opens, very appropriately, with his letter to the voters of the Madison and Oswego District, written immediately after his election, wherein he defined the chief points in his political creed, and closes with his Final Letter to his Constituents upon the resignation of his seat, and three other letters to as many different persons on subjects connected with the discharge of his official duties. The Speeches in this volume are twenty-one in number, embracing a pretty extensive variety of topics for a legislator who is often spoken of as "a man of one idea." The titles are as follows:

The Reference of the President's Message.
The Resolutions of thanks to Captain Ingraham.
War.
The Distribution of Seeds by Government.
The Homestead Bill.
The Minnesota Territorial Bill.
The Second Deficiency Bill.
The Nebraska Bill.
The Meade Claims.
Against Limiting Grants of Lands to White Persons.
Polygamy.
The Pacific Railroad.
The Abolition of the Postal System.
Supplying the City of Washington with Water
The Mexican Treaty and "Monroe Doctrine."
The Richard W. Meade Bill.
The Harbour of Oswego.
The Postage Bill.
Prohibiting the Liquor Traffic in the City of Washington.
Against Providing Intoxicating Drinks for the Navy.
In Favour of Indemnifying Mr. Riddle and Mr. Peabody.
In Favour of Custom Houses at Buffalo and Oswego.

We need not say, that all these speeches are characterized by a paramount regard for the welfare of the human family, and by that reverence for Divine authority which has distinguished the author's whole life. Even where we are compelled to differ from Mr. Smith, we are at the same time constrained to acknowledge that his sentiments are as honestly held as they are fearlessly avowed.

Prefixed to the volume is an excellent likeness of Mr. Smith, engraved on steel by Ritchie.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS (American Reprint) for December presents the following table of contents: Out of Town; Winifred's Vow; The Light of Other Days; Ghost Music; Model Officials; Italian Village Doctors; Instructive Comparisons; Holiday Quarters; Sportmanship in Earnest; Peter the Great in England; London Stones; A Dream; Half a Life-time Ago—in five Chapters; The Caitiff Postman; Pierre Erard; A Dash Through the Vines; Barbarous Torture; Yellowknights; The Present; Bound for Brazil; Sunday Music; An Enemy's Charge; An Excursion Train: Another Tight Little Island; The Roving Englishman—From Kralova to London, in Belgium; Truffles; The Beechgrove Family; Nostradamus; Tardy Justice; A City Weed; A Ladies' Warehouse; The Post Mistress. Published by Dix & Edwards, 10 Park Place; $3 a year, or 25 cents a number.

THEODORE PARKER'S DEFENCE, prepared for his trial before the United States Circuit Court at Boston, for the "Misdemeanour" of his speech in Faneuil Hall against Kidnapping, at the time of the Burns Rendition, is for sale, at wholesale and retail, at this office—retail price $1. Of all the author's works this is one of the very best. It is of great historic value, and should be carefully read and preserved by every Abolitionist. It is from the press of Little & Brown, Boston, who, though they sell, decline to advertise it, for fear, perhaps, of offending their hunker customers.

JOHN P. HALE will deliver the opening Anti-Slavery Lecture of the Philadelphia Course, in that city, on Wednesday evening, the 19th inst., at Concert Hall. This will be the first fair opportunity that our friends in Philadelphia will have had of hearing this distinguished champion of Freedom, and we trust they will be prompt to avail themselves of it.

Summary.

A young man having attended a Quaker meeting was asked how he liked it. "Like it," said he, "it's enough to kill the devil!" "That's just what we want," retorted a leading Quaker.

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just,"
Wrote British Shakspeare, in his day no doit,
Stranger, I guess that notion's downright bust;
Six times he's armed whose pistol's made by Colt.

Madame Lind Goldschmidt, in reply to an application addressed to her by Mr. S. C. Hall, has expressed an intention to visit London, for the special purpose of giving a concert in aid of the proposed Nightingale Fund.

John Hobbs, a slave belonging to Peter Birchett, of Prince George, Va., has been convicted of murder in the second degree and sentenced to transportation, for killing Doctor Wynne, slave of Capt. Nichols, of Petersburg.

A NEW D.D.—A coloured individual on Staten Island pretends he has discovered a cure for hydrophobia. He calls himself *D.D.* On being asked what it meant, he replied *Dog Doctor*. Perhaps he has as much right to the title as many who use it.

A PROFITABLE LECTURE.—Bayard Taylor has engagements to deliver his last lecture—*The Philosophy of Travel*—some *seventy times*. The terms are not less than $50. He expects to have about 100 engagements. This will make it profitable. He, however, spent four or five years and as many thousand dollars in getting the material for the lecture.

A PHRENOLOGIST POSED.—An itinerant phrenologist stopped at a rustic farm house, the proprietor of which was busily engaged in threshing. "Sir, I am a phrenologist. Would you like to have me examine the heads of your children? I will do it cheap." "Well," said the farmer, pausing between two strokes, "I rayther guess they don't need it. The old woman *combs 'em with a fine-tooth comb once a week!*"

LECTURE ON SLAVERY.—William Wells Brown, formerly a slave at the South, lectured on the institution of slavery, at Sears's Hall, Sunday, during the day and evening. The Hall during the evening was crowded to overflowing. The lectures were spicy, telling, and instructive, and were received with the highest satisfaction, by the auditory.—*New Bedford (Mass) Standard, Nov. 22.*

AN AFRICAN CUSTOM.—In Congo the negroes take their wives for a year on trial; if at the end of that time they are satisfied, the wedding is celebrated with a feast. The missionaries tried to abolish this custom, without success; the mothers declaring that they would not risk the happiness of their daughters by urging them to an indissoluble union with persons with whose habits and tempers they were unacquainted.

A NEW MAINE LIQUOR LAW.—The Portland *Advertiser* states that Judge Wells, the Democratic and Liberal candidate for Governor of Maine, has nearly completed the draft of a new liquor law to be submitted to the approaching Legislature. It is understood to contain all the principles of the old license laws—the sale, by licensed persons, of not less than a certain quantity—the liquor not to be drunk on the premises—distillation for medical and mechanical purposes to be allowed, &c.

THE SNOW-STORM.—The snow-storm which commenced upon Saturday evening, has continued at intervals since, up to the hour at which we write. All day Sunday, and yesterday, sleighs were going in our streets, and the sleigh-bells jingling merrily. It looks now as if winter had set in in earnest, though we are hardly willing to believe this possible. The Indian summer, however, has come and gone, and the ditches are frozen over full of water. If winter be not indeed upon us, he must be near at hand.—*Montreal Gazette, Nov. 20.*

AN AMERICAN COLLEGE IN ROME.—The Pope has addressed a letter to the Archbishop and Bishops of this State, recommending the Catholics in this country to establish a College in Rome for the purpose of educating priests for America. It appears to be the design of the Pope to have a College in Rome for the especial education of priests for each particular nation. The scheme is admirably calculated to strengthen the Papacy, by having all its ministers instructed under the immediate influence of the Pope.

CURIOUS EPITAPH.—The following epitaph is copied from a grave stone in Copp's Hill burial ground and is dated in 1786:

A sister of Sarah Lucas lyeth Here—
Whom I did Love most Dear,
But now her Soul hath took its Flight,
And bid her Spightful foes Good Night.
—*Boston Transcript.*

SABLE DIPLOMATIST.—A correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* says that a negro Baron, of the Empire of San Domingo, has just arrived in London, to represent the Emperor Soulouque at the Court of St. James. Baron Dundee is described as a very handsome black, of very gentlemanly manners. He spoke the French language (of course) very fluently, and the English language very grammatically, and is said to be very shrewd and well informed.

LIQUOR LAW OF INDIANA.—A person, named Herman, charged with violating the liquor law of 1855, was lately taken before Judge Perkins, of the Supreme Court of Indiana, on a habeas corpus. The judge gave an elaborate opinion, the result of which was that, from what he had "taken notice of, historically, the use of liquors, as a beverage and article of trade and commerce, is so universal that they cannot be pronounced a nuisance." He therefore declared the liquor act of 1855 void, and discharged the prisoner.

If the liberty given to the distinguished champions of slavery at the South to advocate their opinions before the anti-slavery audiences of the North, will tend to induce our Southern brethren to reciprocate the compliment, a great object will be gained. If so, we should propose sending Charles Sumner or Wendell Ph

Miscellaneous Department.

HALF A LIFE-TIME AGO.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

[From Household Words.]

HALF a life-time ago there lived a single woman, of the name of Susan Dixon, in one of the Westmoreland dales. She was the owner of the farm-house where she resided, and of some thirty or forty acres of land by which it was surrounded. She had also an hereditary right to a sheep-walk, extending to the wilds fell that overhang Blea Tarn. In the language of the country, she was a Stateswoman. Her house is yet to be seen on the Oxenfell road, between Skelwith and Coniston. You go along a moorland track, made by the carts that occasionally come for turf from the Oxenfell. A brook babbles and brattles by the way-side, giving you a sense of companionship which relieves the deep solicitude in which this way is usually traversed. Some miles on this side of Coniston there is a farmstead —a grey stone house, and a square of farm-buildings surrounding a green space of rough turf, in the midst of which stands a mighty, funereal, umbrageous yew, making a solemn shadow, as of death, in the very heart and centre of the light and heat of the brightest summer day. On the side away from the house, this yard slopes down to a dark-brown pool, which is supplied with fresh water from the over-flowings of a stone cistern, into which some rivulet of the brook before mentioned continually and melodiously falls and bubbles. The cattle drink out of this cistern. The household bring their pitchers and fill them with drinking water by a dilatory, yet pretty, process. The water-carrier brings with her a leaf of the hound's-tongue fern, and, inserting it in the crevice of the grey rock, makes a cool green spout for the sparkling stream.

The house is no specimen, at the present day, of what it was in the lifetime of Susan Dixon. Then, every small diamond pane in the windows glittered with cleanliness. You might have eaten off the floor; you could see yourself in the pewter plates and the polished oaken awmry, or dresser, of the state kitchen into which you entered. Few strangers penetrated further than this room. Once or twice, wandering tourists, attracted by the lonely picturesqueness of the situation, and the exquisite cleanliness of the house itself, made their way into this house-place, and offered money enough (as they thought), to tempt the hostess to receive them as lodgers. They would give no trouble, they said; they would be out rambling or sketching all day long; would be perfectly content with a share of the food which she provided for herself; or would procure what they required from the Waterhead Inn at Coniston. But no liberal sum—no fair words—moved her from her stony manner, or her monotonous tone of indifferent refusal. No persuasion could induce her to show any more of the house than that first room; no appearance of fatigue procured for the weary an invitation to sit down and rest; and if one more bold and less delicate sate down without being asked, Susan stood by, cold and apparently deaf, or only replying by the briefest monosyllables, till the unwelcome visitor had departed. Yet those with whom she had dealings in the way of selling her cattle or her farm produce, spoke of her as keen after a bargain—a hard one to have to do with; and she never spared herself exertion or fatigue, at market or in the field, to make the most of her produce. She led the haymakers with her swift steady rake, and her noiseless evenness of motion. She was about among the earliest in the market, examining samples of oats, pricing them, and then turning with grim satisfaction to her own cleaner corn.

She was served faithfully and long by those who were rather her fellow-labourers than her servants. She was even and just in her dealings with them. If she was peculiar and silent, they knew her, and knew that she might be relied on. Some of them had known her from her childhood; and deep in their hearts was an unspoken —almost unconscious—pity for her; for they knew her story, though they never spoke of it.

Yes; the time had been when that tall, guant, hard-featured, angular woman—who never smiled, and hardly ever spoke an unnecessary word—had been a fine-looking girl, bright-spirited and rosy; and when the hearth at the Yew Nook had been as bright as she, with family love and youthful hope and mirth. Fifty or fifty-one years ago, William Dixon and his wife Margaret were alive; and Susan, their daughter, was about eighteen years old —ten years older than the only other child, a boy, named after his father. William and Margaret Dixon were rather superior people, of a character belonging—as far as I have seen—exclusively to the class of Westmoreland and Cumberland statesmen—just, independent, upright; not given to much speaking; kind-hearted, but not demonstrative; disliking change, and new ways, and new people; sensible and shrewd; each household self-contained, and having little curiosity as to their neighbours, with whom they rarely met for any social intercourse, save at the stated times of sheep-shearing and Christmas; having a certain kind of sober pleasure in amassing money, which occasionally made them miserable (as they call miserly people up in the north) in their old age; reading no light or ephemeral literature, but the grave, solid books brought round by the pedlars (the Paradise Lost and Regained, the Death of Abel, the Spiritual Quixote, and the Pilgrim's Progress) were to be found in nearly every house: the men occasionally going off laking, *i.e.* playing, *i.e.* drinking for days together, and having to be hunted up by anxious wives, who dared not leave their husbands to the chances of the wild precipitous roads, but walked miles and miles, lantern in hand, in the dead of night, to discover and guide the solemnly-drunken husband home; who had a dreadful headache the next day, and the day after that came forth as grave, and sober, and virtuous-looking as if there were no such things as malt and spirituous liquors in the world; and who were seldom reminded of their misdoings by their wives, to whom such occasional outbreaks were as things of course, when once the immediate anxiety produced by them was over. Such were—such are—the characteristics of a class now passing away from the face of the land, as their compeers, the yeomen, have done before. Of such was William Dixon. He was a shrewd clever farmer, in his day and generation, when shrewdness was rather shown in the breeding and rearing of sheep and cattle than in the cultivation of land. Owing to this character of his, statesmen from a distance from beyond Kendal, or from Borrowdale, of greater wealth than he, would send their sons to be farm-servants for a year or two with him, in order to learn some of his methods before setting up on land of their own. When Susan, his daughter, was about seventeen, one Michael Hurst was farm-servant at Yew Nook. He worked with the master and lived with the family, and was in all respects treated as an equal, except in the field. His father was a wealthy statesman at Wythburne, up beyond Grassmere; and through Michael's servitude the families had become acquainted, and the Dixons went over to the High Beck sheep-shearing, and the Hursts came down by Red Bank and Longhrig Tarn and across the Oxenfell when there was the Christmas-tide feasting at Yew Nook. The fathers strolled round the fields together, examined cattle and sheep, and looked knowing over each other's horses. The mothers inspected the dairies and household arrangements, each openly admiring the plans of the other, but secretly preferring their own. Both fathers and mothers cast a glance from time to time at Michael and Susan, who were thinking of nothing less than farm or dairy, but whose unspoken attachment was in all ways so suitable and natural a thing that each parent rejoiced over it, although, with characteristic reserve, it was never spoken about—not even between husband and wife.

Susan had been a strong, independent, healthy girl; a clever help to her mother and a spirited companion to her father; more of a man in her (as he often said) than her delicate little brother ever would have. He was his mother's darling, although she loved Susan well. There was no positive engagement between Michael and Susan —I doubt if even plain words of love had been spoken; when one winter-time Margaret Dixon was seized with inflammation consequent upon a neglected cold. She had always been strong and notable, and had been too busy to attend to the earliest symptoms of illness. It would go off, she said to the woman who helped in the kitchen; or if she did not feel better when they had got the hams and bacon out of hand, she would take some herb-tea and nurse up a bit. But Death could not wait till the hams and bacon were cured: he came on with rapid strides, and shooting arrows of portentous agony. Susan had never seen illness—never knew how much she loved her mother till now, when she felt a dreadful instinctive certainty that she was losing her. Her mind was thronged with recollections of the many times she had slighted her mother's wishes; her heart was full of the echoes of careless and angry replies that she had spoken. What would she not now give to have opportunities of service and obedience, and trials of her patience and love for that dear mother who lay gasping in torture! And yet Susan had been a good girl and an affectionate daughter.

The sharp pain went off, and delicious ease came on; yet still her mother sunk. In the midst of this languid peace she was dying. She motioned Susan to her bed-side, for she could only whisper; and then, while the father was out of the room, she spoke as much to the eager, hungering eyes of her daughter by the motion of her lips as by the slow feeble sounds of her voice.

"Susan, lass, thou must not fret. It is God's will, and thou wilt have a deal to do. Keep father straight if thou canst; and if he goes Ulverstone ways, see that thou meet him before he gets to the Old Quarry. It's a dree bit for a man who has had a drop. As for lile Will"—here the poor woman's face began to work and her fingers to move nervously as they lay on the bed-quilt—"lile Will will miss me most of all. Father's often vexed with him because he's not a quick, strong lad; he is not, my poor lile chap. And father thinks he's saucy, because he cannot always stomach oat-cake and porridge. There's better than three pound in th' old black teapot on the top shelf of the cupboard. Just keep a piece of loaf-bread by you, Susan dear, for Will to come to when he's not taken his breakfast. I have, may be, spoilt him; but there'll be no one to spoil him now."

She began to cry a low feeble cry, and covered up her face that Susan might not see her. That dear face! those precious moments while yet the eyes could look out with love and intelligence. Susan laid her head down close by her mother's ear.

"Mother, I'll take tent of Will. Mother, do you hear? He shall not want ought I can give or get for him, least of all the kind words which you had ever ready for us both. Bless you! bless you! my own mother."

"Thou'lt promise me that, Susan, wilt thou? I can die easy if thou'lt take charge of him. But he's hardly like other folk; he tries father at times, though I think father 'll be tender of him when I'm gone, for my sake. And, Susan, there's one thing more. I never spoke on it for fear of the bairn being called a tell-tale, but I just comforted him up. He vexes Michael at times, and Michael has struck him before now. I did not want to make a stir; but he's not strong, and a word from thee, Susan, will go a long way with Michael."

Susan was as red now as she had been pale before; it was the first time that her influence over Michael had been openly acknowledged by a third person, and a flash of joy came athwart the solemn sadness of the moment. Her mother had spoken too much, and now came on the miserable faintness. She never spoke again coherently; but when her children and her husband stood by her bed-side, she took lile Will's hand and put it into Susan's, and looked at her with imploring eyes. Susan clasped her arms round Will, and leaned her head upon his curly pate, and vowed to herself to be as a mother to him.

Henceforward she was all in all to her brother. She was a more spirited and amusing companion to him than his mother had been, from her greater activity, and perhaps also from her originality of character, which often prompted her to perform her habitual actions in some new and racy manner. She was tender to lile Will when she was prompt and sharp with everybody else—with Michael most of all; for somehow this girl felt that, unprotected by her mother, she must keep up her own dignity, and not allow her lover to see how strong a hold he had upon her heart. He called her hard and cruel, and left her so; and she smiled softly to herself when his back was turned to think how little he guessed how deeply he was loved. For Susan was merely comely and fine-looking; Michael was strikingly handsome, admired by all the girls for miles round, and quite enough of a country coxcomb to know it and plume himself accordingly. He was the second son of his father; the eldest would have High Beck farm, of course, but there was a good penny in the Kendal bank in store for Michael. When harvest was over, he went to Chapel Langdale to learn to dance; and at night, in his merry moods, he would do his steps on the flag-floor of the Yew Nook kitchen, to the secret admiration of Susan, who had never learned dancing, but who flouted him perpetually, even while she admired, in accordance with the rule she seemed to have made for herself about keeping him at a distance so long as he lived under the same roof with her. One evening he sulked at some saucy remark of hers; he sitting in the chimney-corner with his arms on his knees and his head bent forwards, lazily gazing into the wood-fire on the hearth, and luxuriating in rest after a hard day's labour; she sitting among the geraniums on the long, low window-seat, trying to catch the last slanting rays of the autumnal light, to enable her to finish stitching a shirt-collar for Will, who lounged full length on the flags at the other side of the hearth to Michael, poking the burning wood from time to time with a long hazel-stick to bring out the leap of glittering sparks.

"And if you can dance a threesome reel, what good does it do ye?" asked Susan, looking askance at Michael, who had just been vaunting his proficiency. "Does it help you plough, or reap, or even climb the rocks to take a raven's nest. If I were a man I'd be ashamed to give into such softness."

"If you were a man yo'd be glad to do anything which made the pretty girls stand round and admire."

"As they do to you, eh! ho! Michael! that would not be my way o' being a man."

"What then?" asked he, after a pause, during which he had expected in vain that she would go on with her sentence. No answer.

"I should not like you as as a man, Susy. You'd be too hard and headstrong."

"Am I hard and headstrong?" asked she with as indifferent a tone as she could assume, but which yet had a touch of pique in it. His quick ear detected the inflexion.

"No, Susy! You're wilful at times, and that's right enough. I don't like a girl without a spirit. There's a mighty pretty girl comes to the dancing-class; but she is all milk and water. Her eyes never flash like your's when you're put out; why, I can see them flame across the kitchen like a cat's eyes in the dark. Now, if you were a man, I should feel queer before those looks of your's; as it is, I rather like them, because—"

"Because what?" asked she, looking up and perceiving that he had stolen close up to her

"Because I can make all right in this way," said he, kissing her suddenly.

"Can you?" said she, wrenching herself out of his grasp and panting, half with rage. "Take that, by way of proof that making right is none so easy." And she boxed his ears pretty sharply. He went back to his seat discomfitted and out of temper. She could no longer see to look, even if her face had not burnt and her eyes dazzled, but she did not choose to move her seat, so she still preserved her stooping attitude, and pretended to go on sewing.

"Eleanor Hebthwaite may be milk-and-water," muttered he, "but— Confound thee, lad! what art doing?" exclaimed Michael, as a great piece of burning wood was cast into his face by an unlucky poke of Will's. "Thou great lounging clumsy chap, I'll teach thee better!" and with one or two good round kicks he sent the lad whimpering away into the back kitchen. When he had a little recovered himself from his passion, he saw Susan standing before him, her face looking strange and almost ghastly by the reversed position of the shadows arising from the fire-light shining upwards right under it.

"I tell thee what, Michael," said she, "that lad's motherless, but not friendless."

"His own father leathers him, and why should not I, when he's given me such a burn on my face," said Michael, putting up his hand to his cheek as if in pain.

"His father's his father, and there is nought more to be said. But if he did burn thee, it was by accident, and not o' purpose, as thou kicked him; it's a mercy if his ribs are not broken."

"He howls loud enough, I'm sure. I might a kicked many a lad twice as hard and they'd na'er ha' said ought but damn ye; but yon lad must needs cry out like a stuck pig if one touches him," replied Michael sullenly.

Susan went back to the window-seat, and looked absently out of the window at the drifting clouds for a minute or two, while her eyes filled with tears. Then she got up and made for the outer door which led into the back-kitchen. Before she reached it, however, she heard a low voice, whose music made her thrill, say—

"Susan, Susan!"

Her heart melted within her, but it seemed like treachery to her poor boy, like faithlessness to her dead mother to turn to her lover while the tears which he had caused to flow were yet unwiped on Will's cheek. So she seemed to take no heed but passed into the darkness, and, guided by the sobs, she found her way to where Willie sat crouched among disused tubs and churns.

"Come out wi' me, lad;" and they went into the orchard, where the fruit-trees were bare of leaves, but ghastly in their tattered covering of grey moss; and the soughing November wind came with long sweeps over the fells till it rattled among the cracking boughs, underneath which the brother and sister sate in the dark; he in her lap, and she hushing his head against her shoulder.

"Thou shouldst na' play wi' fire. It's a naughty trick. Thou'lt suffer for it in worse ways nor this before thou's done, I'm afeard. I should ha' hit thee twice as lungeous kicks as Mick, if I'd been in his place. He did na' hurt thee, I am sure," she assumed, half as a question.

"Yes! but he did. He turned me quite sick." And he let his head fall languidly down on his sister's breast.

"Come lad! come lad! said she anxiously "be a man. It was not much that I saw. Why when first the red cow came she kicked me far harder for offering to milk her before her legs were tied. See thee! here's a peppermint drop, and I'll make thee a pasty to-night; only don't give way so, for it hurts me sore to think that Michael has done thee any harm, my pretty."

Willie roused himself up, and put back the wet and ruffled hair from his heated face; and he and Susan rose up and hand-in-hand went towards the house, walking slowly and quietly except for a kind of sob which Willie could not repress. Susan took him to the pump and washed his tear-stained face, till she thought she had obliterated all traces of the recent disturbance, arranging his curls for him, and then she kissed him tenderly, and led him in, hoping to find Michael in the kitchen, and make all straight between them. But the blaze had dropped down into darkness; the wood was a heap of grey ashes in which the sparks ran hither and thither; but even in the groping darkness Susan knew by the sinking at her heart that Michael was not there. She threw another brand on the hearth and lighted the candle, and sate down to her work in silence. Willie cowered on his stool by the side of the fire, eyeing his sister from time to time, and sorry and oppressed, he knew not why, by the sight of her grave, almost stern face. No one came. They two were in the house alone. The old woman who helped Susan with the household work had gone out for the night to some friend's dwelling. William Dixon, the father, was up on the fells seeing after his sheep. Susan had no heart to prepare the evening meal.

"Susy, darling, are you angry with me?" said Willie, in his little piping gentle voice. He had stolen up to his sister's side. "I won't never play with fire again; and I'll not cry if Michael does kick me. Only don't look so like dead mother—don't—don't—please don't!" he exclaimed, hiding his face on her shoulder.

"I'm not angry, Willie," said she. "Don't be feared on me. You want your supper, and you shall have it; and don't you be feared on Michael. He shall give reason for every hair of your head that he touches—he shall."

When William Dixon came home, he found Susan and Willie sitting together, hand-in-hand and apparently pretty cheerful. He bade them go to bed, for that he would sit up for Michael; and the next morning, when Susan came down, she found that Michael had started an hour before with the cart for lime. It was a long day's work; Susan knew it would be late, perhaps later than on the preceding night, before he returned—at any rate, past her usual bed-time; and on no account would she stop up a minute beyond that hour in the kitchen, whatever she might do in her bed-room. Here she sate and watched till past midnight; and when she saw him coming up the brow with the carts, she knew full well, even in that faint moon-light, that his gait was the gait of a man in liquor. But though she was annoyed and mortified to find in what way he had chosen to forget her, the fact did not disgust or shock her as it would have done many a girl, even at that day, who had been brought up as Susan had, among a class who considered it as no crime, but rather a mark of spirit in a man to get drunk occasionally. Nevertheless, she chose to hold herself very high all the next day when Michael was, perforce, obliged to give up any attempt to do heavy work, and hung about the out-buildings and farm in a very disconsolate and sickly state. Willie had far more pity on him than Susan. Before evening Willie and he were fast, and on his side, ostentatious friends. Willie rode the horses down to water; Willie helped him to chop wood. Susan sate gloomily at her work, hearing an indistinct, but cheerful conversation going on in the shippon, while the cows were being milked. She almost felt irritated with her little brother, as if he were a traitor, and had gone over to the enemy in the very battle that she was fighting in his cause. She was alone with no one to speak to, while they prattled on, regardless if she were glad or sorry.

Soon Willie burst in. "Susan! Susan! come with me; I've something so pretty to show you. Round the corner of the barn—run! run!" (He was dragging her along, half reluctant, half desirous of some change in that weary day.) Round the corner of the barn; and caught hold of by Michael, who stood there awaiting her.

"O Willie!" cried she, "you naughty boy. There is nothing pretty—what have you brought me here for? Let me go; I won't be held."

"Only one word. Nay, if you wish it so much, you may go," said Michael, suddenly loosing his hold as she struggled. But now she was free, she only drew off a step or two, murmuring something about Willie.

"You are going, then?" said Michael, with seeming sadness. "You won't hear me say a word of what is in my heart."

"How can I tell whether it is what I should like to hear?" replied she, still drawing back.

"That is just what I want you to tell me; I want you to hear it, and then to tell me if you like it or not."

"Well, you may speak," replied she, turning her back, and beginning to plaid the hem of her apron.

He came close to her ear.

"I am sorry I hurt Willie the other night. He has forgiven me. Can you?"

"You hurt him very badly," she replied. "But you are right to be sorry. I forgive you."

"Stop! stop!" said he, laying his hand upon her arm. "There is something more I've got to say. I want you to be my —— what is it they call it Susan?"

"I don't know," said she, half-laughing, but trying to get away with all her might now; and she was a strong girl, but she could not manage it.

"You do. My —— what is it I want you to be?"

"I tell you I don't know, and you had best be quiet, and just let me go in, or I shall think you're as bad now as you were last night."

"And how did you know what I was last night? It was past twelve when I came home. You were watching? Ah, Susan! be my wife, and you shall never have to watch for a drunken husband. If I were your husband I would come straight home, and count every minute an hour till I saw your bonny face. Now you know what I want you to be. I ask you to be my wife. Will you, my own dear Susan?"

She did not speak for some time. Then she only said, "Ask Father." And now she was really off like a lapwing round the corner of the barn, and up in her own little room, crying with all her might, before the triumphant smile had left Michael's face where he stood.

The "Ask Father" was a mere form to be gone through. Old Daniel Hurst and William Dixon had talked over what they could respectively give their children long before this; and that was the parental way of arranging such matters. When the probable amount of worldly gear that he could give his child had been named by each father, the young folk, as they said, might take their own time in coming to the point which the old men, with the prescience of experience, saw that they were drifting to; no need to hurry them, for they were both young, and Michael, though active enough, was too thoughtless, old Daniel said, to be entrusted with the entire management of a farm. Meanwhile, his father would look about him, and see after all the farms that were to be let.

Michael had a shrewd notion of this preliminary understanding between the fathers, and so felt less daunted than he might otherwise have done at making the application for Susan's hand. It was all right, there was not an obstacle; only a deal of good advice, which the lover thought might have as well been spared, and which it must be confessed he did not much attend to, although he assented to every proposition. Then Susan was called down stairs, and slowly came dropping into view down the steps which led from the two family apartments into the house-place. She tried to look composed and quiet, but it could not be done. She stood side by side with her lover, with her head drooping, her cheeks burning, not daring to look up or move while her father made the newly-betrothed a somewhat formal address in which he gave his consent, and many a piece of worldly wisdom beside. Susan listened as well as she could for the beating of her heart; but when her father solemnly and sadly referred to his own lost wife, she could keep from sobbing no longer; but throwning her apron over her face, she sate down on the bench by the dresser, and fairly give way to pent-up tears. Oh, how strangely sweet to be comforted as she was conforted, by tender caresses, and many a low whispering promise of love. Her father sate by the fire thinking of the days that were gone; Willie was still out of doors; but Susan and Michael felt no one's presence or absence—they only knew they were together as betrothed husband and wife.

In a week, or two, they were formerly told of the arrangements to be made in their favour. A small farm in the neighbourhood happened to fall vacant; and Michael's father offered to take it for him, and be responsible for the rent for the first year, while William Dixon was to contribute a certain amount of stock, and both fathers were to help towards the furnishing of the house. Susan received all this information in a quiet indifferent way; she did not care much for any of these preparations, which were to hurry her through the happy hours; she cared least of all for the money amount of dowry and of substance. It jarred on her to be made the confidant of occasional slight repinings of Michael's as one by one his future father-in-law set aside a beast or a pig for Susan's portion, which were not always the best animals of their kind upon the farm. But he also complained of his own father's stinginess, which somewhat, though not much, alleviated Susan's dislike to being awakened out of her pure dream of love to the consideration of worldly wealth.

But in the midst of all this bustle, Willie moped and pined. He had the same chord of delicacy running through his mind that made his body feeble and weak. He kept out of the way, and was apparently occupied in whittling and carving uncouth heads on hazel sticks in an out-house. But he positively avoided Michael, and shrunk away even from Susan. She was too much occupied to notice this at first. Michael pointed it out to her, saying, with a laugh—

"Look at Willie! he might be a cast off lover and jealous of me, he looks so dark and downcast at me." Michael spoke this jest out loud, and Willie burst into tears, and ran out of the house.

"Let me go. Let me go!" said Susan (for her lover's arm was round her waist). "I must go to him if he's fretting. I promised mother I would!" She pulled herself away, and went in search of the boy. She sought in byre and barn, through the orchard, where indeed in this leafless winter-time there was no great concealment, up into the room where the wool was usually stored in the latter summer, and, at last she found him, sitting at bay, like some hunted creature, up behind the wood-stack.

"What are ye gone for, lad, and me seeking you everywhere," asked she, breathless.

"I did not know you would seek me. I've been away many a time, and no one has cared to seek me," said he, crying afresh.

"Nonsense," replied Susan, "don't be so foolish, ye little good-for-nought." But she crept up to him in the hole he had made underneath the great brown sheafs of wool, and squeezed herself down by him. "What for should folk seek after you, when you get away from them whenever you can?" asked she.

"They don't want me to stay. Nobody wants me. If I go with father, he says I hinder more than I help. You used to like to have me with you. But now, you've taken up with Michael, and you'd rather I was away; and I can just bide away; but I cannot stand Michael jeering at me. He's got you to love him and that might serve him."

"But I love you, too, dearly, lad!" said she, putting her arm round his neck.

"Which on us do you like best?" said he, wistfully, after a little pause, putting her arm away, so that he might look in her face, and see if she spoke truth.

She went very red.

You should not ask such questions. They are not fit for you to ask. Nor for me to answer."

"But mother bade you love me," said he, plaintively.

"And so I do. And so I ever will do. Lover nor husband shall come betwixt thee and me, lad, ne'er a one of them. That I promise thee, as I promised mother before, in the sight of God and with her hearkening now, if ever she can hearken to earthly word again. Only I cannot abide to have thee fretting, just because my heart is large enough for two."

"And thou'lt love me always."

"Always, and ever. And the more—the more thou'lt love Michael," said she, dropping her voice.

"I'll try," said the boy, sighing, for he remembered many a harsh word and blow of which his sister knew nothing. She would have risen up to go away, but he held her tight, for here and now she was all his own, and he did not know when such a time might come again. So the two sate crouched up and silent, till they heard the horn blowing at the field gate, which was the summons home to any wanderers belonging to the farm, and at this hour of the evening, signified that supper was ready. Then the two went in.

CHAPTER II.

SUSAN and Michael were to be married in April. He had already gone to take possession of his new farm, three or four miles away from Yew Nook; but that is neighbouring, according to the acceptation of the word, in that thinly-populated district—when William Dixon fell in. He came home one evening, complaining of head-ache and pains in his limbs, but seemed to loathe the posset which Susan prepared for him; the treacle-posset which was the homely country remedy against an incipient cold. He took it to his bed, with a sensation of exceeding weariness, and an odd, unusual-looking back to the days of his youth, when he was a lad living with his parents, in this very house.

The next morning, he had forgotten all his life since then, and did not know his own children, crying, like a newly-weaned baby, for his mother to come and soothe away his terrible pain. The doctor from Coniston, said it was the typhus fever, and warned Susan of its infectious character, and shook his head over his patient. There were no friends near to come and share her anxiety; only good, kind old Peggy, who was faithfulness itself, and one or two labourers' wives, who would fain have helped her, had not their hands been tied by their responsibility to their own families. But, somehow, Susan neither feared nor flagged. As for fear, indeed, she had no time to give way to it, for every energy of both body and mind was required. Besides, the young have too little experience of the danger of infection to dread it much. She did, indeed, wish, from time to time, that Michael had been at home to have taken Willie over to his father's at High Beck; but then, again, the lad was docile and useful to her, and his fecklessness in many things might make him be harshly treated by strangers, so perhaps it was as well that Michael was away at Appleby fair, or even beyond that; gone into Yorkshire after horses.

Her father grew worse; and the doctor insisted on sending over a nurse from Coniston. Not a professed nurse, Coniston could not have supported such a one; but a widow who was ready to go where the doctor sent her for the sake of the payment. When she came, Susan suddenly gave way; she was felled by the fever herself, and lay unconscious for long weeks. Her consciousness returned to her one Spring afternoon; early Spring; April—her wedding month. There was a little fire burning in the small corner-grate, and the flickering of the blaze was enough for her to notice in her weak state. She felt that there was some one sitting on the window side of her bed, behind the curtain, but she did not care to know who it was; it was even too great a trouble to her languid mind to consider who it was likely to be. She would rather shut her eyes, and melt off again into the gentle luxury of sleep. The next time she wakened, the Coniston nurse perceived her movement, and made her a cup of tea, which she drank with eager relish; but still they did not speak, and once more Susan lay motionless—not asleep, but strangely, pleasantly conscious of all the small chamber and household sounds; the fall of a cinder on the hearth, the fitful singing of the half-empty kettle, the cattle tramping out to field again after they had been milked, the aged step on the creaking stair—old Peggy's as she knew. It came to her door, it stopped; the person outside listened for a moment, and then lifted the wooden latch, and looked in. The watcher by the bed-side arose, and went to her. Susan would have been glad to see Peggy's face once more, but was far too weak to turn, so she lay and listened.

"How is she?" whispered one trembling, aged voice.

"Better," replied the other. "She's been awake, and had a cup of tea. She'll do now."

"Has she asked after him?"

"Hush! No; she has not spoken a word."

"Poor lass! poor lass!"

The door was shut. A weak feeling of sorrow and self-pity came over Susan. What was wrong? Whom had she loved? And dawning, dawning slowly, rose the sun of her former life, and all particulars were made distinct to her. She felt that some sorrow was coming to her, and cried over it before she knew what it was, or had strength enough to ask. In the dead of night—and she had never slept again—she softly called to the watcher, and asked,

"Who?"

"Who what?" replied the woman, with a conscious affright, ill-veiled by a poor assumption of ease. "Lie still, there's a darling, and go to sleep. Sleep's better for you than all the doctor's stuff."

"Who?" repeated Susan. "Something is wrong. Who?"

"Oh, dear!" said the woman. "There's nothing wrong. Willie has taken the turn, and is doing nicely."

"Father?"

"Well! he's all right now," she answered, looking another way, as if seeking for something.

"Then it's Michael! Oh, me! oh, me!" She set up a succession of weak, plaintive, hysterical cries before the nurse could pacify her by declaring that Michael had been at the house not three hours before to ask after her, and looked as well and as hearty as ever man did.

"And you heard of no harm to him since?" inquired Susan.

"Bless the lass, no, for sure! I've ne'er heard his name named since I saw him go out of the yard as stout a man as ever trod shoe-leather."

It was well, as the nurse said afterwards to Peggy, that Susan had been so easily pacified by the equivocating answer in respect to her father. If she had pressed the questions home in his case as she did in Michael's, she would have learnt that he was dead and buried more than a month before. It was well, too, that in her weak state of convalescence (which lasted long after this first day of consciousness) her perceptions were not sharp enough to observe the sad change that had taken place in Willie. His bodily strength returned, his appetite was something enormous, but his eyes wandered continually, his regard could not be arrested, his speech became slow, impeded, and incoherent. People began to say, that the fever had taken away the little wit Willie Dixon had ever possessed, and that they feared that he would end in being a natural, as they call an idiot in the Dales.

The habitual affection and obedience to Susan lasted longer than any other feeling that the boy had had previous to his illness; and perhaps, this made her be the last to perceive what every one else had long anticipated. She felt the awakening rude when it did come. It was in this wise.

One June evening she sat out of doors under the yew-tree, knitting. She was pale still from her recent illness; and her languor joined to the fact of her black dress made her look more than usually interesting. She was no longer the buoyant, self-sufficient Susan, equal to every occasion. The men were bringing in the cows to be milked, and Michael was about in the yard, giving orders and directions with somewhat the air of a master; for the farm belonged of right to Willie, and Susan had succeeded to the guardianship of her brother. Michael and she were to be married as soon as she was strong enough—so, perhaps, his authoritative manner was justified; but the labourers did not like it, although they said little. They remembered him a stripling on the farm, knowing far less than they did, and often glad to shelter his ignorance of all agricultural matters behind their superior knowledge. They would have taken orders from Susan with far more willingness; nay! Willie himself might have commanded them, and for the old hereditary feeling towards the owners of land they would have obeyed him with far greater cordiality than they now showed to Michael. But Susan was tired with even three rounds of knitting, and seemed not to notice, or to care, how things went on around her; and Willie—poor Willie!—there he stood lounging against the door-sill, enormously grown and developed, to be sure, but with restless eyes and ever-open mouth, and every now and then setting up a strange kind of howling cry, and then smiling vacantly to himself at the sound he had made. As the two old labourers passed him, they looked at each other ominously, and shook their heads.

"Willie, darling," said Susan, "don't make that noise it makes my head ache."

She spoke feebly, and Willie did not seem to hear; at any rate, he continued his howl from time to time.

"Hold thy noise, wilt 'a?" said Michael roughly, as he passed near him, and threatening him with his fist. Susan's back was turned to the pair. The expression of Willie's face changed from vacancy to fear, and he came shambling up to Susan, and put her arm around him, and, as if protected by that shelter, he began pulling faces at Michael. Susan saw what was going on, and, as if now first struck by the strangeness of her brother's manner, she looked anxiously at Michael for an explanation. Michael was irritated at Willie's defiance of him, and did not mince the matter.

"It's just that the fever has left him silly—he never was as wise as other folk, and now I doubt if he will ever get right."

Susan did not speak, but she went very pale, and her lip quivered. She looked long and wistfully at Willie's face, as he watched the motion of the ducks in the great stable-pool. He laughed softly to himself from time to time.

"Willie likes to see the ducks go overhead," said Susan, instinctively adopting the form of speech she would have used to a young child.

"Willie, boo! Willie, boo!" he replied, clapping his hands and avoiding her eye.

"Speak properly, Willie," said Susan, making a strong effort at self-control, and trying to arrest his attention.

"You know who I am—tell me my name!" She grasped his arm almost painfully tight to make him attend. Now he looked at her, and, for an instant, a gleam of recognition quivered over his face; but the exertion was evidently painful, and he began to cry at the vainness of the effort to recall her name. He hid his face upon her shoulder with the old affectionate trick of manner. She put him gently away, and went into the house into her own little bedroom. She locked the door, and did not reply at all to Michael's calls for her, hardly spoke to old Peggy, who tried to tempt her out to receive some homely sympathy, and through the open casement there still came the idiotic sound of Willie, boo! Willie, boo!"

LETTER FROM THACKERAY ABOUT GOETHE.

FROM "Lewes's Life of Göethe," to be published in a few days, by Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, *The Post* extracts the following letter by Thackeray, describing his remembrances of the great German poet:

"LONDON, 28th April, 1855.

"DEAR LEWES: I wish I had more to tell you regarding Weimar and Göethe. Five-and-twenty years ago, at least a score of young English lads used to live at Weimar for study, or sport, or society: all of which were to be had in the friendly little Saxon capital. The Grand Duke and Duchess received us with the kindliest hospitality. The Court was splendid, but yet most pleasant and homely. We were invited in our turns to dinners, balls and assemblies there. Such young men as had a right, appeared in uniforms, diplomatic and military. Some, I remember, invented gorgeous clothing: the kind old Hof-Marschall of those days, M. de Spiegel (who had two of the most lovely daughters eyes ever looked on), being in no wise difficult as to the admission of these young Englanders. Of the Winter nights, we used to charter sedan chairs, in which we were carried through the snow to those pleasant court entertainments. I, for my part, had the good luck to purchase Schiller's sword, which formed a part of my court costume, and still hangs in my study, and puts me in mind of days of youth, the most kindly and delightful.

"We knew the whole society of the little city, and but that the young ladies, one and all, spoke admirable English, we surely might have learned the very best German. The society met constantly. The ladies of the Court had their evenings. The theatre was open twice or thrice in the week, where we assembled a large family party. Göethe had retired from the direction, but the great traditions remained still. The theatre was admirably conducted; and besides the excellent Wiemar company, famous actors and singers from various parts of Germany performed *Gastrollen* through the Winter. In that Winter I remember we had Ludwig Devrient in Shylock, Hamlet, Falstaff and the *Robbers*; and the beautiful Schroder in *Fidelio*.

"After three-and-twenty years' absence, I passed a couple of Summer days in the well-remembered place, and was fortunate enough to find some of the friends of my youth. Madame de Göethe was there, and received me and my daughters with the kindness of old days. We drank tea in the open air at the famous cottage in the park, which still belongs to the family, and had been so often inhabited by her illustrious father.

"In 1831, though he had retired from the world, Göethe would, nevertheless, very kindly receive strangers. His daughter-in-law's tea-table was always spread for us. We passed hours after hours there, and night after night with the pleasantest talk and music. We read over endless poems in French, English and German. My delight in those days was to make caricatures for children. I was touched to find that they were remembered, and some even kept until the present time; and very proud to be told, as a lad, that the great Göethe had looked at some of them.

"He remained in his private apartments, where only a few privileged persons were admitted; but he liked to know all that was happening, and interested himself about all strangers. Whenever a countenance struck his fancy, there was an artist settled in Weimar who made a portrait of it. Göethe had quite a gallery of heads, in black and white, taken by this painter. His house was all over pictures, drawings, casts, statues and medals.

"Of course I remember very well the perturbation of spirit with which, as a lad of nineteen, I received the long-expected intimation that the Herr Geheimrath would see me on such a morning. This notable audience took place in a little ante-chamber of his private apartments, covered all round with antique casts and bas-reliefs. He was habited in a long gray or drab redingot, with a white neckcloth and a red ribbon in his button-hole. He kept his hands behind his back, just as in Rauch's statuette. His complexion was very bright, clear and rosy. His eyes extraordinarily dark, piercing and brilliant. I felt quite afraid before them, and recollect comparing them to the eyes of the hero of a certain romance called "Melmoth the Wanderer," which used to alarm us boys thirty years ago; eyes of an individual who had made a bargain with a certain person, and at an extreme old age retained these eyes in all their awful splendour. I fancied Göethe must have been still more handsome as an old man than even in the days of his youth. His voice was very rich and sweet. He asked me questions about myself, which I answered as best I could. I recollect I was at first astonished, and then somewhat relieved, when I found he spoke French with not a good accent.

"*Vidi tantum.* I saw him but three times. Once walking in the garden of his house in the *Frauenplan*; once going to step into his chariot on a sunshiny day, wearing a cap and a cloak with a red collar. He was caressing at the ti ne a beautiful little golden-haired granddaughter, over whose sweet, fair face the earth has long since closed too.

"Any of us who had books or magazines from England, sent them to him, and he examined them cagerly. *Fraser's Magazine* had lately come out, and I remember he was interested in those admirable outline portaits which appeared for a while in its pages. But there was one, a very ghastly caricature of Mr. R——, which, as Madame de Göethe told me, he shut up, and put away from him angrily. 'They would make me look like that,' he said; though in truth I can fancy nothing more serene, majestic and *healthy*-looking than the grand old Göethe.

"Though his sun was setting, the sky round about was calm and bright, and that little Weimar illumined by it. In one of those kind salons the talk was still of Art and letters. The theatre, though possessing no very extraordinary actors, was still conducted with a noble intelligence and order. The actors read books, and were men of letters and gentlemen, holding a not unkindly relationship with the *Adel*. At court the conversation was exceedingly friendly, simple and polished. The Grand Duchess (the present Grand Duchess Dowager), a lady of very remarkable endowments, would kindly borrow our books from us, lend us her own, and graciously talk to us young men about our literary tastes and pursu